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CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
POETRY:—	
LATE HIBERNO-ROMANESQUE. By HUGH CONNELL	1
“NOW, BROODING OVER SLISH WOOD.” By RHODA COGHILL	2
NIGHT-CALL. By TEMPLE LANE	4
ROMANCE. By GEOFFREY JOHNSON	4
FOUNDATIONS OF A CITY. By DENIS IRELAND	5
AN INTERPRETATION OF GRIMM'S FAIRY-TALES. By ARLAND USSHER and CARL VON METZRADT. I. Enter these enchanted woods	14
EARLY DAYS OF THE IRISH THEATRE (<i>Continued</i>). By PADRAIC COLUM	18
LAURENCE BLOOMFIELD IN IRELAND. By PATRICK MACDONOGH	25
POE AND MANGAN, 1949. By FRANCIS J. THOMPSON	33
ROBERT LYND, 1879-1949. By P. S. O'HEGARTY	41
DRAMATIC COMMENTARY. By A. J. LEVENTHAL	45
ART NOTES. By EDWARD SHEEHY	47
BOOK REVIEWS	50

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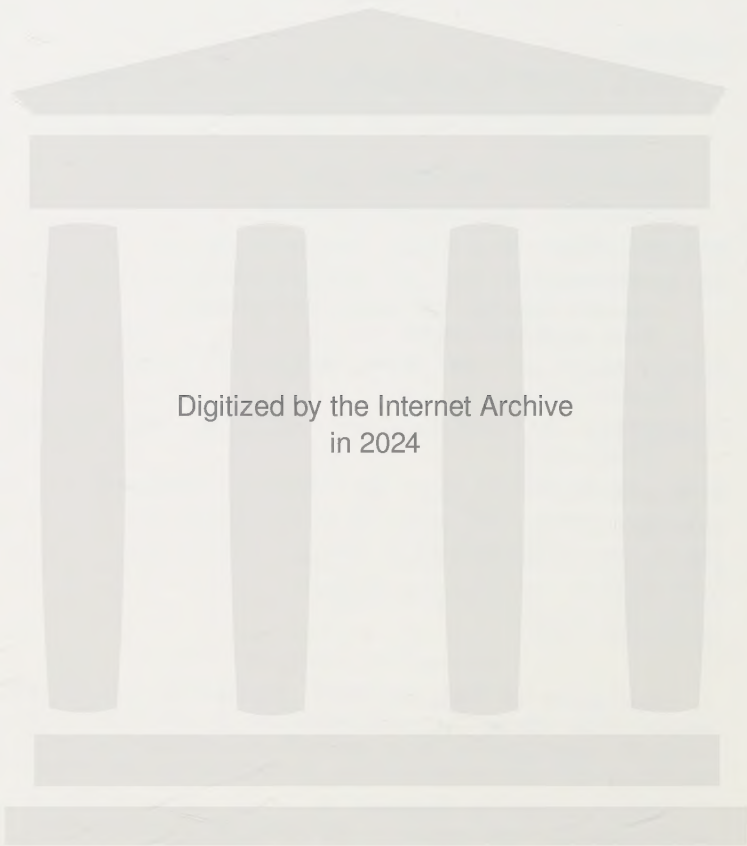
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THE
DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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LATE HIBERNO-ROMANESQUE

By Hugh Connell

Of fourteen men of God once throned here, three remain.
Two from that summer shore
Beyond the bloody wastes of centuries,
One from some vanished half-way isle of thought ;
The rest—indigenous offspring, seed of stone,
Are gathered to their soil. Ravin and flood
Scoured them away as later those eleven,
Who falling dead and dying in mid-Shannon
For Ireland's sake, were hurried away and lost.

These three, hewn out by chisels that could fuse
Rough stone and vision into grandeur—they and I
Searched one another out in silence.
Trees and the small wild bushes ringed us round ;
The rivers hemmed in all ; the wind
Covered our contemplation like the veil
A winged deity draws over marble skies.
The sun, gaining the western wall by stealth,
Broke through the clouds and quickened every course.
Sun wind and rivers marched in step with time —
The men of stone and I watched for time's end.

Chance, with a rare discrimination, chose
To spare these three, who could least well be spared
From the re-kindling of a scattered fire.
One in compassion veils too searching eyes
And guards his lips, that may communicate
The faint authentic pentecostal breath
No other apprehends. His broad-browed neighbour,

Just and humane, he surely flung one life
 Aside at the poet's word, dared to be called a fool.
 The third? The rugged head, imperious poise,
 Bespeak a leader, lover to be loved,
 Mocker of danger and defeat —a shoot
 Of warrior-statesman stock, fit to bear burdens.

Bleak hungry waves snarled at the sculptor's feet,
 Storms still far off rifted calm pools of thought.
 Those storms and floods are past and past those seven
 Dead centuries since his work was done ;
 A shrine made, who knows how, by life, by faith,
 By pure imagination, to hold a living spirit.
 We, the unworthy heirs, take heart of grace,
 We know the seed was good, the renewing power endures.

Oct., 1948.

‘NOW, BROODING OVER SLISH WOOD’

By Rhoda Coghill

In a bowl, in a leaning ash-tree's roots,
 water brims where the twisting roots writhe
 like a young crocodile's limbs. In this pool
 water springs unheard, springs underwater,
 in a continual gravelly gush
 and circular fall of sand.
 The creeping water thinly threads a way
 between lizard limbs, to swell the wind-brushed lake,
 to repel the little pushing waves,
 pressing, pressing, infinitesimal and sure,
 to cover my landmarks ; headlands and beaches
 at the lake's edge last April,
 are gone now, are part of the water-bed.
 The small unreasonable spring—
 (oh heart, take warning !)—
 habitually asserting itself, habitually
 swells, and yet most urgently repels
 the wayward currents that instinctively it feeds.

Now, brooding over Slish Wood, I see the cloud-choirs
 have gathered in procession, are massed in their stalls.
 Their anthem breaks upon the lake-water
 in a tremendous torrent of down-pouring rain ;
 on every leaf in the trees above me, on every vestige
 of water-surface lies an extra weight of wetness.
 In the sloping patient garden the Michaelmas daisies
 stand hanging their gloomy heads, hopeless
 as animals in the enduring rain.
 When the long anthem is over
 the solemn ivy's triangular facets
 and reverent leaf-altars of laurel
 yield up an offertory of collected light.
 Light that in Springtime crept from the earth,
 climbing from roots through stems to the youngest buds,
 has a second coming ; scattered and splashed
 on leaf-shields and petal-whorls, colour drains from the sun,
 poured out on horned nasturtiums, on asters
 drowsily nodding in ritual crimsons and purples ;
 on dappled horse-chestnut, on pink-patched guelder-rose
 and elder ; on dandelions, hollow-gold
 as chrysanthemums ; on eager wild-rose fruit,
 on cornelian and garnet beads falling from whitebeam and yew.

And light in October will swarm in a gold straw-stack ;
 or flow to a beech-tree's goblet and so vanish,
 thinned to a vapour in Autumn's sky-recesses.
 In the first winter, sometimes a rare green aspen
 flickers like broken water, and far hawthorns gleam
 vivid as goldfish. There'll be birds, like feathers floating.
 Will there be then a still persistent gushing,
 a spring underwater in the grey ash-bowl,
 where lizard roots twist and writhe, though all now underwater ?

Time is a squirrel ; from the root he scampers
 to trunk-top of the month, and leaps to another
 Look, there's a violet, though it's still September !

NIGHT-CALL

By Temple Lane

You said—"Hear what is calling from the Killeen!"
 And my bright fear shrilled out—*Good Lord, deliver!*
 We looked from the window: saw the new moon lean
 Towards Venus blazing with the pagan shiver
 Set vibrant from that call. The sky was only
 Nailed to its past by stars, the lesser ones.
 The planets, and the moon, and Venus lonely,
 Moved in its present—eldritch fireless suns.
 Steel-dusted grass slid back behind the yew
 To ground unchristened. I could only say,
 If Something wanted me and filtered through
 To open space I'd meet the Thing half-way.
Hear what is calling from the Killeen. It cried—
 A long-eared owl. But I was terrified.

ROMANCE

By Geoffrey Johnson

In a sun-burst of early February
 The clouds went finer than blown blossom of cherry,
 And reaching into that grace,
 The finest branchery-work of the cross-road elm
 Shone brilliant as black lace—
 O the tree for me was a stately Spanish beauty
 Whose rich mantilla swayed at a minuet's pace.

Then Mind as suddenly gloomed with its thought-shadow,
 Storm-shapes as suddenly brooded over the meadow,
 And rain began to overwhelm;
 The carnival colour went utterly out of the sky,
 And left a grave old elm,
 Sombre as Mrs. Grundy on Sunday duty
 Watching the pious umbrellas hurrying by.

FOUNDATIONS OF A CITY*

By Denis Ireland

I.

THE Notes of a certain Ulster banking company bear three small engravings—a plough, a man weaving, a ship sailing. They form an excellent starting point for a history of the industrial North-East. From 1600 to 1700 Ulster's economy was roughly at the same level as that of certain Balkan states like Bulgaria and Serbia at the beginning of the present century. In fact, seventeenth-century Ulster was a long way behind the southern Irish provinces in organised manufacture. Ulster had, for example, nothing like the highly-organised woollen industry then flourishing in Munster.

Then came the change. England destroyed the Irish woollen industry by the sheer weight of prohibitive taxation, and, as at any rate some consolation for its loss, William III, in 1698, made a solemn promise in Parliament that he would encourage the manufacture of linen in Ireland. The year 1698 may, therefore, be taken as the beginning of modern industrial Ulster. From that time onwards the figure shown in that engraving on the Northern banknote became one of the basic figures in our Ulster economy—that is, the weaver seated at his hand-loom in the living-room of his cottage, often growing his own flax, and, which is more important, subsisting partly on the tillage of his own soil. It was in 1698, too, that Louis Crommelin, the Huguenot, arrived in Ireland from Picardy at the invitation of King William, and proceeded to set up his linen manufacture at Lisburn, County Antrim. Crommelin is often wrongly regarded as the *founder* of the Irish linen industry, whereas, of course, the manufacture of linen had gone on in Ireland for centuries before his arrival. What Crommelin did was to *modernise* the Irish linen industry; his whole effort was to bring about the manufacture in Ireland of fabrics that would compare with the exquisite cambrics and linens produced in France. And he succeeded so well, that in 1710, only twelve years after his arrival, the export of Irish linen cloth was 1,688,574 yards, valued at £105,000—or about a fifth of the entire Irish revenue for that year.

* From a work in progress.

Here arises a question that has bothered a good many Irish historians. Why did Crommelin select the comparatively poor and backward North for his experiments, and not, as one might have expected, the neighbourhood of Dublin? After all, the linen industry, in its more rudimentary stages, was widely distributed throughout Ireland. And why, to extend the scope of the question, did the manufacture of Irish linen become almost exclusively an Ulster concern?

Why, in the first place, did Crommelin select Lisburn, County Antrim? Different authorities give different answers. Some point to the climatic conditions of the low-lying country round the shores of Lough Neagh; the moisture in the atmosphere and the heavy rainfall were supposed to make for ideal weaving conditions. Others point to the large Scottish element in the population of Lisburn and district at the time of Crommelin's tour of inspection; according to this view, Crommelin must have had a high opinion of the Scots. But whatever influenced the original decision, it is at least agreed, once the choice of Lisburn and district had been made, that what was known as the "Ulster custom" had an important bearing on the rapid development of the industry in the North. Under the "Ulster custom" the Ulster small farmer enjoyed a certain security of tenure of his land and dwelling-house, an advantage that gave him the chance to accumulate at least enough capital to buy himself a loom and set himself up in business as a linen weaver, an occupation which, according to the season, he varied with the tillage of his own fields.

But whatever the explanation, the fact remains that by the end of the eighteenth century linen was already firmly established as an Ulster industry, and a thriving export trade had grown up with America, as witness the following extract from the journals of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the Irish patriot who was later to commit suicide in a Dublin prison after the disastrous ending of the French naval expedition to Lough Swilly of 1798. Tone had gone to Belfast on the business of a political organisation called the Society of United Irishmen, and under the date October 24th, 1792, he describes a visit to a bleach-green at Colin Glen, in the shadow of the Belfast mountains:—

Rode out with Sinclair to see his bleach-green. A noble concern; extensive machinery Anecdotes of the linen trade. Ireland able to beat any foreign linens for quality and cheapness, as appears by the American market, which

gives no preference by duties, and is supplied entirely from Ireland. If England were disposed she might, for a time, check the trade of Ireland in linens; but she would soon give up that system for her own sake, because she would not be supplied elsewhere so good and so cheap. German linens preferred, out of spite, by some families in England . . . All the King's* and the Queen's linen German, and, of course, their retainers'. Sinclair, for experiment, made up linen after the German mode, and sent it to the house in London which served the King; worn for two years, and much admired; ten per cent. cheaper and twenty per cent. better than German linen. Great orders for Irish-German linen, which he refused to execute.

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The scene of this new industrial activity lay along the banks of the river Lagan, in the corridor leading from the lowlands round Lough Neagh to the sea and the still comparatively insignificant little commercial town of Belfast. Whitewashed mills, with their attendant bleach-greens, lay scattered here and there in the green river valley, all the way from Lough Neagh down past Lisburn and Moira to the mudflats at the mouth of Belfast Lough. Water wheels churned the green scum in the mill-races. Dazzling strips of linen lay bleaching in the meadows. No mill chimneys yet, flying their black pennants of coal smoke over thick plantations of beech-trees.

Down by the mud-flats where the river reached its sea-lough, beyond a tangle of masts, yards, and cordage, Belfast had begun to trace itself in geometrical streets, squares, and crescents. Cornice and plinth, Corinthian pillar, Georgian doorway, radiating fanlight—here was mind at work in the mud-flats, planning with compass and set-square. Streets with then significant names like Georges Street, Franklin Street, Joy Street, Arthur Street, rose from the sub-soil of the American and French Revolutions, reason at the prow and science at the helm. The *Belfast News-Letter* (now the second oldest newspaper in Great Britain and Ireland, and as conservatively "Unionist" as it is old) championed the cause of the revolting colonists in America. In the still classical little town in which its neatly formal news sheets were distributed canal banks were being planted with shade-trees to form a promenade for the citizens; new streets were being laid out on the grid-iron principle, intersecting at right angles; Assembly Rooms glittered with crystal chandeliers; the city whose bookshops Thackeray was later to find overflowing with evangelical literature was at this stage in its career part French,

* George III.

part American, dedicated to the goddess of Reason and the perfectibility of Man, a changeling of the eighteenth century dumped by some ironic by-play of the Time Spirit on the meadows and the mud-flats at the mouth of an Irish river.

In the centre was the White Linen Hall, a gem of the Irish eighteenth century, crowned by an elegant clock-tower, with a courtyard and cloisters where merchants transacted their business. Near-by streets and squares were thronged with churches, mostly Presbyterian, with flights of wide stone steps leading up to classical doorways in the shadow of classical pillars, box pews panelled in expensive mahogany, and exquisitely-shaped windows glazed with small clear panes of glass. No stained-glass windows yet, no pipe-organs set in embrasures, their towering cigar-shapes voluptuously gilded. God might still be worshipped with reason; the great battle of music in the Presbyterian Church ("dancin' an' singin' in the house o' God") still looms in the mists of the future. A few more years will roll before the Deity gets mixed up with the business of commercial and industrial prosperity, and a sound bank balance becomes the only infallible symptom of Divine favour. Solid merchants still parade the streets wearing tricolour cockades and dressed in uniforms fashioned on those of the French National Guard; bonfires are lit on the 14th of July to celebrate the storming of the Bastille. The fever of emancipation seems, in fact, to have been endemic in the Belfast of those days, for an historian records that only 16 years before the century ended:—

The question of Roman Catholic emancipation also began to attract the attention of the Volunteers, and the people of Belfast were, as usual, foremost in expressing their sentiments on this subject . . . for on Sunday, the 30th of May, 1784, the unusual spectacle was witnessed of the Belfast First Volunteer Company and the Belfast Volunteer Company parading in full dress and marching to mass at St. Mary's in Chapel Lane, then the only Roman Catholic chapel in the town, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, and a handsome collection made to aid in defraying the expense of erecting a new 'Mass House', as it was termed. Great numbers of the other Protestant inhabitants, it appears, also attended, and the Roman Catholic congregation afterwards returned their grateful acknowledgements to the Volunteers and to the townspeople at large for having so generously assisted towards the construction of a handsome edifice for the celebration of Divine worship.

II.

After the fiasco of the 1798 Rebellion Belfast's enthusiasm for emancipation began to wane. As Tone remarks in his journal,

prosperous merchants make bad revolutionaries. Gone too was the enthusiasm for Irish studies, including the study of Irish harp music. Shortly before the turn of the century Belfast had been the scene of a great harp festival, the last flaring sunset of Gaelic genius in the North. A significant prelude to the new era of industrial expansion and the triumph of the new so-called international culture is a placard still preserved in Belfast's Municipal Museum. It announced to the "Nobility, Gentry, and Inhabitants of Belfast and its Vicinity" that on the 8th October, 1831, Signor Paganini would give "a Grand Concert on the stage of the Theatre." He was assisted by Signor Pietralia of the Italian Opera, London, and by Signor Pia Cianchettini, who, in the florid language of the period, did not merely play the piano but "presided at the Pianoforte." We may presume that chandeliers jingled that night in the Theatre to the crashing chords of Signor Cianchettini, and that to the brilliant cadenzas of Signor Paganini the last echoes of the old Gaelic harp music faded from the concert and assembly rooms, the rectilinear streets, squares, and Georgian terraces of the new city that had begun to rise from the mud-flats.

With the forties the transformation scene went further. Thackeray bowled in on a stage-coach through the neat green apple-country of Armagh, through Protestant and prosperous Portadown. Behind him lay the wide, windy stretches of the West, thousands of acres of gloomy bog, salt estuaries, delapidated cabins, Georgian mansions in deserted parks, the keening wind from the Atlantic—the whole sombre background against which Famine was getting ready to appear in Ireland. No wonder he was glad to see the green apple orchards and the glittering white-wash of County Armagh. Behind him was a nation almost overtaken by tragedy; in front a city about to lose its identity in a forest of factory chimneys and straggling red-brick suburbs, a little Georgian town on the verge of being swallowed by Victorianism and the Manchester School; and Thackeray, like a dame in a pantomime, arrived just in time to make a few shrewd comments. He walked on a wet evening through the streets, he found floods of evangelical literature in the bookshops. One of the questions he asked in the wet streets was how to get to the theatre, and his informant, full of information on other matters, replied in a tone of shocked asperity, very much as if he had been asked the way to a gin palace. Sober citizens, it appeared, did not

frequent such places. The days when the General Assembly in Edinburgh adjusted its sessions so that it should not meet at an hour when Mrs. Siddons would be playing at a neighbouring theatre had vanished with the Presbyterianism liberalism of the late eighteenth century ; and the new Puritanism reigned on both sides of the North Channel. When Thackeray did eventually find the theatre for himself, there were six persons in the boxes, about a score of the lower orders dotted about the pit, and the play, significantly enough, was exactly the same kind of nonsense he could have seen at home without all this weary journeying across the Irish Sea.

Leaving out the six persons in the boxes and the lower orders in the pit, the rest of Belfast's potential playgoers were' presumably, at home, storing up their energies for the next days, work. And perhaps they were right. There was, in fact, a sense in which no theatre was necessary in the Belfast of the early nineteenth century, for the excellent reason that the Belfast of the early nineteenth century had already begun to dramatise itself. The Demon Steam (as *Punch* was soon to refer it) had arrived on the scene, and Belfast positively danced with energy, like a vast industrial kettle on the boil. Huge mills had begun to rise from the sloblands ; in the winter evenings their thousands of lighted windows formed a new kind of dramatic entertainment for the inhabitants ; the tempo of life in this ancient country on the edge of Europe was suddenly accelerated ; there was a feeling of pushing on towards fresh horizons, a yeasty ferment in the air, an electrical excitement that must have been at least in its pioneering aspect, like the excitement then being generated in the New World.

How did it come about that, in a country possessing little workable coal and iron, the new industrial city expanded so rapidly ? The answer is partly psychological, partly geographical. First, there was the energy of the mixed race that inhabited what was known at the end of the eighteenth century as the " Athens of the North." Second, there was the geographical situation of what was then a severely classical little Georgian town, separated only by a narrow sea from what were soon to become the teeming populations and thriving coalfields of the Scottish lowlands and Lancashire. Behind Belfast lay its corridor of communication with the Ulster lowlands round Lough Neagh by way of the Lagan valley, while between it and the lowlands of southern Ireland lay

the mountains of South Armagh, the mountain barrier that has played such an important part in Irish history. A city so placed was obviously bound to rise in commercial importance. What was not so obvious was that by a process akin to lifting itself by its boot-straps it would rise in industrial importance, and in the process of rising set itself apart from the economy of Ireland as a whole. Even before the end of the eighteenth century industry, as distinct from commerce, had begun to play its part. Ships were built locally, of local timber. Ships needed ropes, and local rope-walks appeared. Then came the cotton industry. At first, surprisingly enough, cotton was a more important Ulster textile than linen. About the year 1828, however, Lancashire competition began to threaten the Ulster cotton industry, and when the mill belonging to Messrs. Mulholland, of Belfast, was destroyed by fire, the proprietors decided to abandon the production of cotton altogether, and to rebuild their premises as a mill for spinning flax by steam power. So began the now world-famous York Street Flax Spinning Company, and the scene was all set for Belfast's phenomenal development during the nineteenth century.

III.

While the brash new red-brick city, with its forest of factory chimneys, was rising on the green banks of the Lagan, Protestant philosophy was taking to the illumination of the footlights in far-away Christiania. A bearded gentleman called Henrik Ibsen, peering at north-west Europe through thick spectacles, and not particularly liking what he saw, was writing *Pillars of Society* and *A Doll's House*. But what the bearded dramatist saw through the snowflakes of Norwegian winters cut no particular ice in Belfast, where Protestant society had the assurance of its more successful and highly-paid ministers of religion that it was climbing on a kind of fool-proof escalator towards the millenium. Belfast industrialism, like a spinster on the verge of middle-age, was in fact taking its religion with a strong dash of emotionalism. Classical-looking Presbyterian churches, with their suggestion of Tom Paine, and sedate linen merchants wearing tricolour cockades and dressed in uniforms fashioned on those of the French National Guard remained, it is true, as memories of a misspent youth. But the churches were now submerged between, and almost hidden by tall blocks of office buildings; the tricolour cockades

and the French uniforms had long ago been relegated to the attic. As the graph of religious emotionalism climbed, churches, including Presbyterian churches, registered the disturbance by going sham-Gothic, by barbaric stained-glass windows of a deep blood red that reflected the blood in the hymns. Protestantism, taking its time from the industrial jungle, was going all sentimental and romantic, like a hard-headed business man who spends his days cutting his competitors' throats and at night has time off for tears and soul-searching. The more it made a mess of the streets outside, the more it blackened the sky with coal smoke, the more it needed a tremolo stop on the organ, a hearty slap on the back from the pulpit, the jingle of collections for foreign missions, and the rosy glow of stained-glass windows to take its mind off what it was doing at home.

The green island was, in fact, going Victorian at one end and back into the eighteenth century at the other. Down on the mud-flats at the mouth of the Lagan, on a new artificial island formed by the dredgings of the ship channel, there was a new addition to the Irish landscape in the shape of a vast cathedral of wooden scaffolding and staging, and in the middle of it, like an enormous foetus in a womb, a great iron ship in the process of building to the thunderous accompaniment of hammers clanging on the heads of red-hot rivets. Edward Harland, the Yorkshireman who was to Ulster shipbuilding what Louis Crommelin, the Huguenot from Picardy, had been to the Ulster linen industry, was applying the logic of a new situation. He had arrived in Belfast in 1854, and had immediately set to work to revolutionise the shipyard on its artificial island formed by Lagan mud. If he was going to build ships of iron instead of wood—well, then he would take advantage of the new material and build them differently—longer and narrower, depending on their box-like construction to give them rigidity. In this way he would get at the same time more speed and more cargo space. The world called them "coffin ships" and seamen at first refused to sail in them. But one firm of shipowners, Messrs. Bibby, saw the advantage of the increased cargo space, and placed their orders in Belfast. Before long the White Star Line followed their example, and Harland's reputation was made. When the 3,900 ton *Oceanic* was launched in 1871 it was felt that man had conquered the sea, with Belfast ingenuity and tenacity playing a leading part in the conquest. It is true, of course, that at the very moment the

"giant liner" slid down the slips into the Lagan, Paris was plagued with the barricades and bombardments of the Commune; the Prussians were beginning to wonder what to do with a nation that staged revolutions of its own instead of listening to the conqueror; and M. Thiers was getting ready to ring down the curtain with a surprise ending of his own composition.

All this was slightly "off stage" as far as Belfast was concerned. The new signature-tune was "bigger and better"; hammers thundered on the mud-flats; ships were born and delivered to the ocean; power-looms clattered in vast echoing sheds. The times were "moving on," and if anybody asked in relation to what and in what direction, he was simply regarded as a queer fellow. Women tramped through the winter dawns to the mills, barefooted and wearing shawls. In gas or lamp-lit drawing-rooms in the suburbs other women spent winter afternoons and evenings seated at silk-fronted upright pianos, tinkling out a succession of tunes that would presently resolve like the tunes in a musical-box through Tosti's *Good-bye* and *The Bedouin Love Song to Pale Hands I Loved Beside the Shalimar* and *Less Than the Dust Beneath Thy Chariot Wheels*.

The red-brick city and its environs might, in fact, have been shaded on a political economist's map in almost exactly the same colour as that used to mark the industrial lowlands of Scotland, the reaches of the Clyde about Glasgow, and the teeming manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. Almost the same colour but not quite, because existence in the red-brick city and the industrial valley of the Lagan was complicated by a fear peculiar to the north-east corner of the island—the fear, never completely banished, that the strings connecting this particular forest of factory chimneys with impressive, mahogany-countered offices and banks in the City of London might some day be severed, and the inhabitants left to shift for themselves. This frightful consummation, analagous to the abandonment of a covered wagon to the red-skins, was averted by rolling back the frontier in imagination and disregarding the Irish Sea. If the lower valley of the Lagan was in reality just as verdant a shade of Irish green as the rest of the island, then a new psychological map must be invented, showing it shaded in a blend of orange and imperial crimson. Our factory chimneys smoke, therefore we are different from the heathen without factory chimneys, so ran the current philosophy. In establishing

it the inhabitants of the river valley found great assistance in such current English periodicals as *Punch*, or the *London Charivari* and the *Illustrated London News*. From *Punch* they learned that an Irishman was a short-nosed, comical, illogical creature, usually dressed in knee breeches and twirling a shillelagh. The fact that Irishmen may be serious, long-nosed, and, like the backward peoples of Europe, given to an excess of logic was, fortunately for the merchants and manufacturers of Belfast, still hidden in the mists of the future. From the *Illustrated London News* they learned, with pictures, of the marvels of the new mechanical age, of balloon ascents, ironclads, horseless carriages, underground railways, and that new gift of science to man, the Whitehead torpedo. The fact that most of these blessings would one day be shared by moujiks in the snows of Russia was also, fortunately, still hidden behind the Time curtain. Leviathan would come churning through the snowstorms of Eurasia soon enough; meanwhile the marvels of mechanical science were for the inhabitants, and more especially the Protestant inhabitants, of north-west Europe and North America, and nobody else was supposed to play with them.

AN INTERPRETATION OF GRIMM'S FAIRY-TALES

Arland Ussher and Carl von Metzradt

I. ENTER THESE ENCHANTED WOODS

N*EL mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, as Dante tells us, he found his steps had led him into a dark forest. There the poet of Roman and Classic reason meets him, who, after leading him unscathed through the caverns of passion and the purgatorial mountain of thought, leaves him with free and purified instincts to complete his heavenward journey. Lacking that guidance of traditional and universal human knowledge, man's youthful developing reason could only lead him in circles of torment—must turn the *selva oscura* into a veritable hell. Vergil is the

Classical Renaissance—sensed in the air by the late-Medieval Dante—which was to have led European man out of the Gothic forest : a forest only from Dante's time onward recognised and feared as such, a forest whose subconscious roots and entanglements we know today to be deeper than the Renaissance gardeners guessed. Here, amid the *mental* hells and purgatories, our interpreter is no longer the too material-and-literal Catholic Dante, but rather the Orthodox Dostoievski—speaking to us from the country which knew not Rome, where no law-giving Vergil shows the path from Byzantine Antichrist to Byzantine Christ ; but the great Russian would take us beyond the scope of our present study. And if Vergil was Dante's necessary guide, the Lady Beatrice was his vision ; the Rational and Ethical is the means to humanity's resurrection in glory, but the Esthetic is its end. And at that time at the close of the Middle Ages, man, awakening to consciousness, could see beauty only in the face of the opposite sex, as it were a moon lighting up his night ; just as in the time that is perhaps to come, and which has commenced—in a few individuals—with impressionism in painting and poetry, he identifies himself with the eye of day, and sees beauty in every object that catches and refracts the light. For the 14th Century is the age of Romance and of the Provençal Courts of Love ; the air is chilly but it is Spring-like, and Botticelli's Venus will shortly rise from the sea of faith and miracle—natural glamour takes the place of the supernatural, though the Faery Queens are still not quite of flesh and blood. We are thus given—significantly, in the 14th Century, as it were in the growing child's 14th year—the map of a man's life, leading us through its three phases of childhood, youth and maturity to the 4th phase, reached only by the elect, of harmonious age : a man's life which is also Christian man's history, with its Byzantine, Medieval, and Renaissance or “ Modern ” periods—and beyond them the period of achieved integration which our idealisms foreshadow and deform. In the little life of childhood we see, more clearly defined, the same threefold pattern : for at seven years the human child stands erect on the Earth, plant-like, though held fast and nourished by family and custom ; at 14 his inquisitive senses detach him as it were, like an animal, from that parent-soil—the new woods and pastures lure, he forgets the ancestral wisdom and the instinctive law—he has entered the Inferno of adolescence and is lost for ever if he has found not

a Vergil ; at 21 he makes discovery of his Self—his head and not only his lower extremities balance him—he is admitted into the race of men, and his last trials are consciously-chosen purgatorial pains. At 28 (shall we go further and say ?) his little lunar circuit is complete—he attains the home and haven of his own choosing—a new moon of life begins. But how the charms of the old tales fly at the touch of our cold philosophy ! For what is narrated to adults in Dante (nowadays more admired than read) is told to children—with greater gentleness—in such an evergreen story as that of *Dornröschen*, the Sleeping Beauty. Everyone knows the tale of the king who had a daughter—an old king, and a daughter for whom he had waited long. There were 12 golden plates at the christening-feast of the Princess, as the religion of Christ was committed to 12 Bearers ; for 12 is the number of Action and the number of the Child—the pattern of all heroic adventure from Joshua to Jason—the simplest divisor of our years and days. But on the best-laid boards of Gods and men there is always one plate short : that ominous and intricate number, the *Thirteenth*—standing for the Irrational and Incalculable—the figure which humbles the simple reckoner and the man of practice before the man of thought and cunning—which upsets the norm by the exception, and flaws the diamond of every ideal concept. 13 is the number of the card called Death in the Tarot pack, which is followed in turn by the cards called Time and the Devil ; at 13 years the solid four-square Space-world of the child starts to crack, at 14 the flow of Time begins to be divined like a subterranean pulse of the Earth, at 15 the dark things of the unknown depths are first dimly glimpsed. But this is to anticipate : at the King's feast, we said, there were but 12 gold platters ; 12 fairies were invited, and each brought a gift to the infant Princess, that all her months might be blest. But there was of course a 13th who came unbidden and uttered a curse—the Princess should die from the prick of a spindle at her 15th birthday : a curse which the 12th Fairy, her blessing still unspoken, was fortunately able to modify, softening the doom to a hundred years' sleep ; for the "Cross" and the Broken always wins, but is always reintegrated in the Even and the Round. The King—an inverted Herod—orders the destruction of spindles ; as ecclesiastics have burned books, as sentimentalists would destroy machines. All in vain ; her 15th birthday—the end of her 14th year—is no sooner reached than the Princess,

another irrepressible inquisitive Eve, climbs the secret winding stair of a tower, and enters a chamber where an old woman sits and spins: that Tower of Confusion which is the human head and sensual body—that Spinner who might be one of the Fates of the Saga—that winding stair which is the serpent's coil around the Tree of Life. The Princess takes the spindle—as Eve took the apple from the Serpent—suffers the fatal prick of the flesh, and falls into the enchantment: sleep descends on the whole court from the King and Queen to the flies on the window-panes, and to the cook raising her hand to cuff the scullion; a thorn-hedge rises, and surrounds the castle up to the very flag on the rooftop which bears the Princess's titles and lineage. It is the *selva oscura*—at this point Dante, writing for adults, begins his epic; the torments of Dante's dead are for older and sadder folk, who have dreamt bad dreams in that castle of the dark wood; but final blessedness comes through the Lady Beatrice in the one case, as through a "Fairy Prince" in the other. This Prince, coming from afar and instructed by an old man—as if starting from the uttermost bourne of Space and Time—arrives at the day when the 100 years' doom has been fulfilled; other princes, like those stormy world-reformers who cannot wait for the still ancestral voice, have tried to force the thicket and been destroyed. But now—to the "historically right"—wooer the hedge opens, the fire on the patriarchal hearth re-kindles, the flies crawl once more on the window-pane, the cook proceeds with cuffing the scullion, the Princess awakens to the kiss of the adventurous lover. The circle is complete; Man has achieved his somersault; and is once more in the vertical posture which he enjoyed as a plant-like Child, and lost—as if stretched horizontally in sleep—in his dreaming, animal, adolescence. . . . So it is in the fairy-tales, so it is not yet in real life. It seems far from the Castle of Grimm to the Castle of Kafka; in our world, the hapless dreamer is hunted through all the labyrinths of nightmare by dogs of war and monster-shapes of "ideology," as was poor Francis Thompson by the Hound of Heaven; and the bristling forest is composed of steel antennae, cyclotrons, and Radar equipment. But in the skies and in the grass the suns still change partners among the stars, the butterfly threads its ancient round-dance of the grub and the cocoon; and old men still remember the rumour that there is somewhere a Queen who sleeps.

EARLY DAYS OF THE IRISH THEATRE *(continued)*

By Padraic Colum

IT might seem from what I have told you that this early effort was spasmodic, that it could hardly result in the creation of an important or enduring body of work. At some point there would have to be a core of purpose. Well, that core was supplied by W. B. Yeats who, as he has told us, wanted to get into his verse "a more manful energy" and knew that the way to tap that manful energy was to put himself into the theatre, and by Lady Gregory who, although she wrote excellent comedies for the theatre, had for her main purpose to help Yeats to realize himself as a great dramatic poet.

We were in the middle of rehearsing A.E.'s *DEIRDRE* when Yeats appeared amongst us with the offer of his *KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN* which he had just written. But who were WE? Were we the Fays' Comedy Combination? We were rehearsing *HIS LAST LEGS* alternatively with *DEIRDRE* but on the innovating side we were yet nameless. And where were we rehearsing? In the Coffee Palace which was some place near the Custom House. The Coffee Palace was a philanthropic institution dedicated to the idea that if Dublin workingmen gave up their draughts of Guinness and took to coffee there would be better and happier men and women. There was an attempt to throw a glamour round coffee. Hence 'Palace'. And there was also an attempt to give the converts to coffee some uplifting kind of entertainment—lectures and inoffensive plays. The Fays had put on comedies under this dispensation, and so we had the Coffee Palace for rehearsals of *DEIRDRE*.

With the rehearsal of *DEIRDRE* in the Coffee Palace the National Theatre had its real beginning. Two groups coalesced, forming a nucleus: there were the professional people, Willie Fay, Frank Fay, young Dudley Digges, young P. J. Kelly, and there were the political ideologists—Mary Quinn, Mary Walker, and to them were added the poet A.E. and with him one or two disciples from his Hermetic Society and myself as an apprentice dramatist. It was Frank Fay who had discovered Deirdre, and,

since the speeches were just in his line, decided to give a production of it. In Standish O'Grady's "All Ireland Review" this play was being published, an act an issue, and the third act had not yet appeared and had not yet been written when the play was put into rehearsal. A.E. rarely went to the theatre, but he had gone to see *DIARMID AND GRANIA* and was shocked to see the way the heroic characters were treated in that play. He was roused to write a different kind of heroic play as a protest, and that was the play we were rehearsing. When *HIS LAST LEGS* was disposed of we went to the rehearsing of it in earnest, and by that time we had *KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN* to rehearse, too. And then we had W. B. Yeats for a leader.

The poets gave consciousness to the group in those early days. Everyone dealt in poetry either at first or at second hand. Frank Fay was in his element declaiming and instructing in declamation. He revelled in the poetry of Yeats. Rehearsing with him was a memorable training in vocalization and verse-delivery.

After a long period of rehearsal in which we apprentices learned a great deal, *DEIRDRE* and *KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN* were put on in a hall belonging to the Carmelite Fathers in Clarendon St., a hall in which the Fays had put on comedies. We were all very exalted when it came to the production. Maud Gonne was to play the Old Woman in *KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN*. Willie Fay had decided to produce *DEIRDRE* behind gauze veils and we all thought that this was a remarkable innovation. The hall was packed; I remember; the audience, too, had come with an exaltation that reached the stage. There were great moments in the production—certainly Maud Gonne's exit in *KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN*; certainly the dignity and pathos of Dudley Digges both in *KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN* and *DEIRDRE*; certainly the words said by Mary Walker in her vibrating voice that was like bird calls on a still day. Certainly Maire Quinn's Deirdre, Frank Fay's speeches as Concobar; Willie Fay's acting as the man of the house in *KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN* must have made memorable impressions. But there were other parts of that production that stay in my memory. I remember A.E. standing up to repeat his magical chant as Cathbad the Druid, a chant that had really the effect of an incantation. Dudley Digges as Naisi in *DEIRDRE*, spoke to Maire Quinn as Deirdre, telling her of the heroic companionship he had left when they went into exile. He said,

"There was one there, a small, dark man whom some thought to be a god in exile," and then he named Cuchullain. I was conscious that a thrill went through the audience. It was the first time the epic hero was named in an Irish theatre. At the end of the performances there was a feeling amongst us all—and that included the audience—that something momentous had been reached.

Each of the authors was called before the curtain. A.E. went on and delivered one of the noblest addresses I have ever listened to. He looked magnificent in his height and with his fine beard. He spoke about the meaning of that tragic story in which the beautiful and the faithful are destroyed by treachery. And he said "Better to perish through an excess of noble trust than to live through the vigilance of suspicion."

The time that the society got itself a habitation is important, and I shall speak of that. The habitation was a hall beside a grocery shop in Camden Street, a hall, as a critic who was induced to come to a performance said, not wide enough to swing a cat in, well, not a good sized cat. There we built a platform, hammered together benches, rehearsed the play that Yeats wrote for the Society, *THE KING'S THRESHOLD*. It was at this period that Sara Allgood joined the Society.

I remember it as a happy, active time. We enjoyed each other's company, for the bulk of us were young and trusting. Young apprentice poets like Seumas O'Sullivan, James Cousins, George Roberts and myself had a place where we could read and discuss our verse. We had the inspiration of having W. B. Yeats and A.E. come amongst us and had an occasional visit from George Moore. But here we were to be sharply reminded that now we were an organization and had to submit ourselves to controls. One of our Society, P. J. Kelly, was haled up for trial. He belonged to the original company and had passed from playing in *HIS LAST LEGS* to playing in *DEIRDRE* and *KATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN*. Considering himself as free as before the Society was formed he played in an outside production without asking permission of the Society. Willie Fay was stern and demanded his expulsion from the Society. P. J. Kelly was drummed out. I remember his leaving through the door that went out into Camden Street and seeing the tense faces of his colleagues, the unbending look of Willie Fay, and realizing that a change had come in the spirit of the Society.

But although we were now an organization each of us still had personal authority. We recognized Willie Fay as an executive and W. B. Yeats had great influence on us. But when it came to selecting a play the Society as a whole body voted. A play was offered and it had the approval of Willie Fay. It was by James Cousins whose short plays *THE RACING LUG* and *THE SLEEP OF THE KING* had been already performed by the Society. The play was a comedy and had the sort of situations that the Willie Fay of *HIS LAST LEGS* was used to. But Yeats vetoed the production; he would withdraw from the Society if the selection of plays was not vested in a small reading Committee. The Committee would then recommend its selection to the Society as a whole.

With the election of a reading committee a further step was taken in the making of our loose society into an organization. And it was now that the influence of one who had a great share in shaping the Society was to be felt. That one was Lady Gregory. We had produced a one-act comedy of hers, *TWENTY FIVE*, but now we were to witness the growth of her influence in another capacity.

On the reading committee that was formed there was placed W. B. Yeats, A.E., Lady Gregory, Fred Ryan, myself, with Arthur Griffith and Maud Gonne as representatives of the nationalist interest. When our first meeting was about to be held the question was raised as to where we should hold it. "It will be warmer at Lady Gregory's Hotel," said W. B. Yeats. "But it will be cooler here," said A.E. indicating our draughty hall. We chose to be warm and went to Lady Gregory's Hotel.

Hers was the Nassau, which is no longer in existence, and she had a drawingroom there, looking out on the street. With our meetings in that room, either as a committee to select plays or as a body to have the selected plays read, the centre of the National Theatre Society shifted. That centre was no longer the hall where rehearsals were held. It was in Lady Gregory's apartment.

It was from this time that Lady Gregory's influence came to be a dominating one. Her main interest was in W. B. Yeats's dramatic career. She had not shared the life of an important diplomat, Sir William Gregory, for nothing. Her own diplomacy now became effective in the Theatre Society. It was she who estimated the forces, who countered the dissident elements, who

precipitated the situations. But because her diplomacy combined resolution with an apparent artlessness, and preparation with flattery of address, it was annoying to those who could see through a millstone. She created a hegemony in the National Theatre Society, W. B. Yeats's and her own. It was through this hegemony that the Abbey Theatre was created.

I have forgotten whether it was at this time or a little before it that a crisis arose in which a youthful and unsure person, myself, was the centre. I had written a little propagandist play, *THE SAXON SHILLIN'* for Cumann nGaedheal. It was published in *The United Irishman* and was thought very well of by that separatist society. I will say here that after its publication I was in a room where the head of Dublin Castle, Sir Anthony MacDonald, was. He had granite-like features, a grave demeanour, and was addicted to an eye-glass. Putting up his eyeglass he looked at me steadily. "And so this is Mr. Colum," he said, "who has shaken the foundations of the British Empire in Ireland with his anti-recruiting play." Well, a time came when Cumann nGaedheal that still had connection with the National Theatre Society, requested Willie Fay to put on *THE SAXON SHILLIN'*. Willie Fay declined on the ground that the main situation could not be staged effectively. But there were those in the Society who thought that his refusal to have anything to do with the production came from the fact that he did not want to have the garrison deployed against the hopeful theatre enterprise. There was a great row in which this person—at least in the eyes of Arthur Griffith, Maud Gonne and Mary Quinn—played a very weak part. The consequence was that Arthur Griffith and Maud Gonne withdrew from the society. And so the link between the theatre and Cumann nGaedheal was broken.

But a more important crisis arose with the acceptance of a one-act play which W. B. Yeats brought to us as we were hammering benches together in the hall in Camden Street. This was *THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN* by John M. Synge. It was accepted for production against the protests of Dudley Digges and Mary Quinn who thought that it was a play that let the Irish country people down—in those days the cult of the peasant was very strong. They resigned from the Society and we lost two of our best players.

In casting it, the part of Nora was given to the beautiful Maire Walker and the part of the tramp to W. G. Fay. The

enthusiastic John Butler Yeats attended a rehearsal and wrote an article for the *United Irishman* welcoming the play as a satire on the arranged marriage, the marriage for money, which the Dublin intellectuals looked on with very morose eyes. But the editor and readers of *The United Irishman*, aware that the Theatre Society had slipped from the straight and narrow path of nationalism were prepared by J.B's well-intentioned article to find in *THE SHADOW OF THE GLEN* an anti-peasant manifesto. Who was J. M. Synge? Well, he was a landowner or he was connected with landowners, and his was a landowner's view of the peasantry. It was the Big House against the Cabin. And when it was talked of, as it was before production, there were people who were prepared to be very fierce about that issue. Well, the *SHADOW OF THE GLEN* was produced in the Molesworth Hall before a scanty and shivering audience, for the hall was cold and the season was winter. I remember that Synge stayed at the back, beside the entrance. He was a very nervous man, and I noticed with surprise that he was shaking during the performance. At the curtain there was a call for author. Synge walked up the middle of the hall to take the call. As he did there was a hiss, a single hiss, from a woman in the audience. It was a signal, not for a demonstration, but for some signs of unrest among the audience. It was prophetic of the Dublin audience's reception of Synge's future plays, *THE WELL OF THE SAINTS* and *THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD*.

Then came the first visit to London which was rapturously acclaimed by the London critics. They brought my first three-act play, *BROKEN SOIL* over. I should mention that Yeats did not favour the production of this immature play in London but the membership of the Society insisted on doing it.

In the next stage of the history of the theatre there was a great deal of unrest. New players had come into the group, including Arthur Sinclair and J. M. Kerrigan. They were kept on the outside by the original Society who had put their work into it so far as well as a little money, as much as moderately paid working people, as we all at the time were, could afford. These newcomers, good actors as they were acknowledged to be, were given no votes in the conduct of the theatre. Then there was a feeling amongst the old members that the nationalist idea, out of which they conceived the theatre had grown, was being shelved. There was another visit to London with Synge's, Yeats', Lady

Gregory's plays, and my own play, *THE LAND*, more mature than the first play of mine that was given on the first visit. Before that came Miss Horniman's gift of a Theatre for the Society.

But with that gift went the demand that the general control of play production and policy should be renounced by the National Theatre Society and all power placed in the hands of a directorate which would be made up of W. G. Fay, W. B. Yeats, Lady Gregory and J. M. Synge. The debates on this issue went on and on. The extreme nationalists were against giving power to the directorate because they thought it meant cutting the theatre off from its nationalist origins. Others, like Fred Ryan, were opposed to the change because it was against the democratic spirit we had so far. But Yeats, whose influence was now paramount, and who was fond of using the slogan, "The tools to him who can use them" was determined to create the directorate. There were debates in public and private; there were many changes of sides. And on the flank some of us felt harassed by Miss Horniman who had come over to Dublin and annoyed some of us by her repeated declarations that the Gaelic League was out for her blood. And the National Theatre was not composed of the homogeneous elements as it had been. There were the newcomers who had no votes and so had no interest in preserving the democratic spirit that some of us talked about. The time came when we were asked to vote on what some of us thought to be our own extinction. There was a secession. With the exception of the Fays and Sara Allgood, the best known of the old members went out of the National Theatre Society.

What happened after that is history that I am sure you all know and that I need not enlarge on. My conclusion will be a comment Plutarch lied: the great thing cannot be altogether the creation of the one great man. When Willie Fay wrote about the foundation of the theatre, when Lady Gregory wrote about it, they were on the side of Plutarch, the side of the historian who is there to tell us that the great man, the hero, does everything. The theatre was the creation of a man—in one case, Willie Fay with his brother, in the other W. B. Yeats. But let us be more discriminating than Plutarch. There are certain imponderables working through minor men and women that instigate great men to give form and scope to what the others are reaching towards. Without these imponderables, without the fermenting but unkeyed-up minds surrounding the great

man, no dominating work is ever achieved. The fermenting minds, the man who can give them focus, were present in the moment that created a national theatre for Ireland. My recollection assures me that behind the writers and players was a national feeling that manifested itself through the young men and women belonging to the politico-cultural clubs in the Dublin of the time; it was they who gave the project spirit and the breath of life. And W. B. Yeats, himself a man of the nationalist clubs and societies knew the worth of that national feeling even though he wanted to raise it to another level.

LAURENCE BLOOMFIELD IN IRELAND

by Patrick MacDonogh

WILLIAM Allingham's long poem on the land-war, *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland*, first appeared month by month, with a few interruptions, during 1862 and 1863 in *Frazer's Magazine*, of which he himself was to become Assistant Editor, under Froude, in 1870 and Editor in 1874. It was published, with considerable revisions, in book form in 1864 and re-issued in the same year. Later editions were printed in 1869 and 1888.

"*Laurence Bloomfield*, for all its stray felicities, is dull," wrote Yeats in Miles's *Poets and Poetry of the Century*, and in an essay on Allingham in *United Ireland*, in 1891, he said, "For long poems he had no faculty . . . He is essentially a poet of the accidental and fleeting." And although his criticism contains, perhaps, as much truth as the exaggerated eulogies of Charles Reade in his *Cabinet of Irish Literature*, they neither of them do justice to a very remarkable poem of qualities rarely to be found in earlier Anglo-Irish literature. For Allingham, writing in isolation from other Irish authors, in his native Ballyshannon (that "odd, out-of-the-way little town on the extreme western verge of Europe"), had determined, as he wrote to Emerson, "to try something like Irish Idyls—but not to be efforts at Irishism, but at Nature . . .", and in *Laurence Bloomfield* he made good

his claim to have written with "no deference at all to the stage-tradition of Paddyism". He there set out to explain rather than to exploit his native land and, taking his place with Carleton over against the Levers and Lovers, he helped to give to an enslaved and misrepresented people an utterance in the English tongue that was neither that of the blackguard nor the buffoon. He was no revolutionary; he could not even "take the leap into full nationalism". He felt that politics were important but "somebody else's business". Already when he wrote *Laurence Bloomfield* he held the conviction, which later events in Ireland confirmed for him, that his country was not ripe for self-government. He felt this, even while he regretted, not merely the manner but the fact of English government of Ireland. He believed that Ireland's prosperity and contentment could be achieved only by self-government, but that a period of training in the mechanics of rule and the acceptance of responsibility was a necessary preliminary. And he was convinced that peasant-proprietorship, or at least security of tenure, would provide the first and greatest exercise in that training. This, then, is the theme of *Laurence Bloomfield*.

The story tells how Laurence Bloomfield, after an English school and university education and the usual foreign tour, returns to his inherited property in Ireland. His demesne borders that of his uncle, Sir Ulrick Harvey, whose vigorous and ruthless agent, Pigot, has managed both estates during Bloomfield's minority and absence. Bloomfield, who in adolescence had passed through ardent Irish patriotism to unthinking Orangeism, is now distressed and perplexed in his mature and cultivated mind by the misery and servility of his peasantry, and determines to discover for himself whether all the fault is on the tenants' side as his fellow-landlords would persuade him. It is open to him to go away and live where he will in luxurious freedom, or to accept his responsibilities in Ireland and endeavour to find a solution, at least on his own estate, to the senseless and savage quarrel which is destroying master and serf alike. He chooses to stay. One of his tenants, Jack Doran, a wise and thrifty old man, has been marked down by Pigot for eviction for, against the old man's advice, his son Neal has made improvements to his land and dwelling which have caught the bailiff's eye. Neal, in desperation, has joined the local Ribbon Lodge. Pigot acquires from an informer a complete list of the members and on fair day, in the estate office, he hands the list

to Bloomfield demanding that Neal Doran should be brought to trial and the family evicted. Old Jack Doran has been summoned to receive his notice. On hearing that Neal is "held on Ribbon business" he falls in a faint. Bloomfield brings the old man in, tends him gently, tears up the Ribbon list unread, and announces to the assembled tenants that henceforth he is their agent and no other man. Pigot is duly murdered on his way home by 'strangers' brought in to do it. Bloomfield pursues a policy of granting good leases and reclaiming waste land—

Rent free so long—so long a little rent—
And then a lease that makes us both content.

He is no fool and finds that his rental soon equals, and then passes, its old mark. His demesne becomes in miniature the Ireland of Allingham's desire, but the surrounding landlords, refusing to profit by his example, continue to follow the road to their own destruction.

Such, in its barest outlines, is the story of *Laurence Bloomfield*, a rather thin one and, as a story, justifying, perhaps, Yeat's description—"a total failure as an epic of the land troubles".

The note on Allingham in the prospectus (1944) for *A Dictionary of Irish Writers* says of the poem: "Allingham's poetic reputation ought to rest solidly on his *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland*. . . . It can be read as a poem (and it is primarily that), as a novel, as a social document, or as a pamphlet that was not without its political effect on Gladstone and others. Turgenev praised it. It can at least be claimed for *Laurence Bloomfield* that it is, judged by European standards, a minor classic". That it is no more than a minor classic is mainly because Allingham had neither the inventiveness nor the dramatic intensity to make a full success of his chosen theme. Yeats saw that Allingham's gift was for the lyric and was generous in praise of his shorter poems; and Patmore, years before, even in his first estatic enthusiasm for Allingham's work and Allingham's friendship, had tried to persuade him to leave long poems alone knowing that his friend lacked "that peculiar constructive power" which he found himself "neither able to describe within the limits of a letter nor to detect in *The Music Master*". Allingham, in fact, "lacked the muscles". The story, weak and insufficiently dramatised, was never "properly compacted as to plan". Pigot's murder, for instance, coming when it does has no value, unless it

be to satisfy the reader's natural hope of seeing the wicked cut down. The whole thing moves too slowly, with too much deliberate laying of background for too few incidents, and with far too many digressions and regressions. Moreover its "flat decasyllables", for which he had himself predicted failure, are not exciting as a verse form; and its language, since he was writing with deliberate and noble purpose for a contemporary English public, is too often the genteel conventional-poetic of his most "Victorian" manner. George Eliot observed that the poem reminded her of Crabbe, but Allingham had none of Crabbe's tragic intensity, and its style is much nearer to those *Tales in Verse* which H. F. Lyte, the author of *Abide With Me*, wrote to illustrate "the several petitions of the Lord's prayer".

Yet, for all its lack of invention, *Laurence Bloomfield* is not dull. With the first few hundred lines the countryside has already taken root, as it were, in the reader's imagination; the theme, no small or simple one, is before him, and he has become involved, as Allingham intended that he should, in Bloomfield's perplexity, his sympathy with an ignorant, helpless and savagely mishandled peasantry, and his awakened sense of responsibility for their state. And the "flat decasyllables" seldom become monotonous, for they are enlivened at frequent intervals by some queer twist of thought or expression, some sudden shrewdness in the midst of sentiment, and they are enriched by faithful and beautiful descriptions of scenes which the poet had studied with affection and absorbed in years of quiet contemplation. The insuppressible lyric poet appears in lovely passages to light the narrative, as in this of Bloomfield riding home unaware of the eyes that watch him from the thicket:

All down the leafy way as Bloomfield rode,
O'er man and horse the latticed moonshine flow'd,
Like films of sorcery, or secret rite
Of sprinkling by the holy priestess, Night;
Strange pools of mist were on the lower ground,
Moonlight above, and silence deep around

or this, of pooten-making,

. on moonless nights to watch the still,
When light peat-smoke upon the heathery hill
Creeps among rocks and brambles from its cave,
And o'er the dark world, silent as a grave,
The sentry strains his ear

or this, of girls going to the fair at Lisnamoy :

'Tis where the roadside rivulet expands,
And every stone upon its image stands,
The country maidens finish their attire,
Screen'd by the network of a tangled briar ;
On grassy banks their shapely limbs indue
With milk-white stocking and the well-black'd shoe,
And court the mirror for a final grace
With dazzling ribbons

There are, too, in *Laurence Bloomfield* a whole host of portraits done with a skill and economy almost worthy of the Enlightenment and those readers who know Allingham only by *The Fairies*, or at best by a handful of charming lyrics, might well be surprised by the pith and point of these. Here, for instance, is Lord Crasher :

My Lord, with gouty legs,
Drinks Baden-Baden water and lifes dregs,
With cynic jest inlays his black despair,
And curses all things from his easy chair

and here, a more kindly picture but no less veracious and unsentimental, is old Jack Doran :

—A plodding man who deem'd it best
To hide away the wisdom he possess'd ;
Of scanty words, avoiding all dispute ;
But much experience in his mind had root ;
Most deferential, yet you might surprise
A secret scanning in the small grey eyes

Such readers might be yet more surprised, and even shocked, by the account of the Ribbon meeting in Chapter VIII, for here Allingham's detestation of violence and of secret societies flows over into savage satire which allows no hint of sincerity in any of the members and finds no excuse in the monstrous time for the monster it had bred. Like Bloomfield, Allingham knew that

Words and newspapers alone afford
The angelic peasant and his fiendish lord

and, for all his love and sympathy, he castigates his peasants for other faults than Ribbonism. But the love and sympathy are as indisputable as the knowledge and understanding on which they were based. Allingham could not endure an existence devoid of

faith in a benevolent God and he watched with foreboding and hatred the advance of scientific materialism. Yet all his life he mistrusted all forms of organised worship and disliked, as it were on principle, all clergymen of whatever Church (though he made occasional exceptions for personal friends such as William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet). But he knew his country too well to ignore or to minimise the 'tremendous fact' of Irish Catholicism and he recognised, even if he sometimes regretted, the profound importance of religious practice and religious consolations in the lives around him. The account which he attempts in *Laurence Bloomfield* of the attitude of the Catholic clergy to the land-war and of the character and actions of Father John Adair, culminating in his altar-ban upon the Ribbon oath, could hardly be sympathetic. And yet he shows less prejudice and a more generous insight than most 'non-Catholic' and some Catholic writers. He handles the difficult subject with courage and with a shrewdness and appreciation of character and motive which suggest (as does his *Diary*) that he might have been a considerable novelist had he but possessed staying-power and a comparable inventiveness. Short quotations from the hundreds of lines which he devotes to the Catholic Church's part in Irish life can only upset the balance of the whole ; but, at risk of this, here is his opening :

The priesthood, meanwhile, gave its usual aid,
Fulfill'd its wonted rounds and duly pray'd,
Condoled in general words, and censured crime,
And watch'd with care the movements of the time.
For this alone its mystic flag unfurl'd—
The warfare of the Church against the World.

The knowledge and understanding which compelled Allingham, almost unwillingly, to recognise the vital influence of religion upon Irish life and character and to respect ("Great awe to see a human being pray") the piety and faith of his people, prevented his love from falling into effusiveness and sentimentality. That love, which is one of several elements binding the "stray felicities" and scattered episodes of *Laurence Bloomfield* into a unified whole, breaks out continually in passages of affectionate appreciation, or indignant sympathy ; such as :

Poor useful wrestlers with the rugged soil,
Children of narrow poverty and toil,

Who spread the waving plenty o'er the land,
And give the sumptuous palace room to stand,
How much ye do and suffer, to supply
Some easy man with careless luxury!
The wife, the babes, that Heavenly Bounty gave
Increase his load of fetters on the slave;
His sweat absorb'd into a patch of earth,
His life-long labours held of little worth,
Dependent hourly on a rich man's whim,
Whose busy idleness regards not him.
No foot of ground, however wild, he owns,
Till in the graveyard rest his weary bones,
Too happy if beside his fathers laid,
Nor coldly cover'd by a poor law spade.

If by sentimentality in art we mean that "the artist's emotions are disproportionate to their cause" then there is little sentimentality in *Laurence Bloomfield*. And indeed the true pathos of such passages as the account of the evictions at Ballytullagh or of the tenants outside the estate office:

The careful faces of the tenant throng
Sank with new sense of pity and of wrong
Deep in his heart, their anxious courtesies,
The timid movements of their watchful eyes,
Their air of suffering, which was no pretence,
Their piteous lack of manly confidence

is balanced and verified by a very unsentimental shrewdness and by his insistence upon the will to happiness in the midst of material wretchedness and upon the readiness to enjoy whatever simple sport or pleasure occasion might afford. It is this veracity which gives the poem much of its power to interest: Allingham lacked passion, and his appeal for justice and humanity derives some of its strength from the reader's recognition of his honesty, his determination not to overstate his case, his very acceptance of the inevitability and, indeed the rightness, of wide distinctions of class and wealth.

Another unifying element throughout *Laurence Bloomfield*, supplementary to its main theme, is provided by Allingham's recurrent indignation at thought of the long and bitter history of English rule in Ireland. Sometimes this inspires him to pass-

ages as nearly passionate as anything to be found in this least passionate of romantic poets :

Edwards and Henrys waste the land by turns,
The bloated King her ancient worship spurns,
Entrench'd within the fortress of her frill,
His sour-faced daughter works her shrewish will . . .
. . . From Orange William sneaking Shemus fly
And brave men for a coward vainly die ;
Where slaughter ends let treachery begin ;
Ireland must lose, no matter who may win ;
Derided in her torture and her tears,
In sullen slavery dragging hopeless years

In the last chapter, Allingham to some extent deserts his own good maxim, "Let me write of what I know", and truth to tell, there is in his account of the life of Lord and Lady at Croghan Hall a deal of irritating snobbery. It was an over-genteel attempt to demonstrate to English readers that a life of comfort and refinement could be lived, by those who could afford it, in Ireland as well as in England, and it followed, of course, from his determination to portray a landlord, as he had so often portrayed peasants, without stage-Irishism. This chapter also sets out, rather unnecessarily, to relate the problems of Bloomfield's district to the problems of the country as a whole and to summarise the conclusions which Bloomfield has drawn from his experience :

Waste and indebted lands
Being wisely bought into the nation's hands,
You might thereon create a novel class
of Irishmen, to leaven all the mass
Small Owners namely

As a story, then, *Laurence Bloomfield*, is uninventive and ill-arranged. As a poem it contains too many poeticisms, too many clumsy inversions and other infelicities due to weariness or the exigencies of rhyme. Yet, even as a story, it holds the attention, and it contains faithful and beautiful descriptions of scene and incident ; portraits, kind and unkind, done with penetration and skill ; outbursts of generous indignation and passages of a most tender and intimate sympathy. There is in it great verbal dexterity, and sentiment is balanced by acute and objective reasoning. And, in spite of Allingham's way of breaking up the big picture into a set of loosely linked studies,

the general scheme rests on a largeness and nobility of aim and feeling that holds it high above the mass of sentimental, moralising, philosophic verse to which he himself sometimes contributed.

In 1888, the year before his death, Katharine Tynan sent to Allingham an article from the *Providence Sunday Journal*. It was entitled *The Poet of Ballyshannon* and it was written by the young poet, W. B. Yeats, whose *Wanderings of Usheen* appeared in the following year. Allingham entered in his Diary: "'The Poet of Ballyshannon' (non-national, how sad!)". Yet, as Professor Corkery has pointed out, "nationalism is but the force that defends the local—the local custom, rich with tradition as against the cosmopolitan, traditionless and therefore vulgar". In that defence William Allingham certainly played his part, and there was justice in the claim Yeats made for him that "he was, at any rate, no thin-blooded cosmopolitan" and in the claim he made for himself in the lines with which he prefaced *Laurence Bloomfield in Ireland*:

We're one at heart if you be Ireland's friend,
Though leagues asunder our opinions tend.
There are but two great parties in the end.

POE AND MANGAN, 1949

By Francis J. Thompson

A HUNDRED gloomy years ago James Clarence Mangan and Edgar Allen Poe died. The sad centenary is cause enough, were any needed, for the burial of the long dispute as to the prority of their respective inspirations. Assuming that one was familiar with the work of the other, I believe that Mangan knew Poe's writings before Poe knew Mangan's. This is not to deny that Poe read, and may well have responded to, Mangan's poetry which appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

I would first like to tell you why I think that Poe's *Tamerlane, and Other Poems by a Bostonian*, 1827, was known in Dublin as early as 1833, and then make a suggestion.

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In 1833, James Clarence Mangan published "Enthusiasm" in the *Dublin Penny Journal* ¹

Not yet trodden under wholly,
Nor yet darkened,
Oh! my spirit's flickering lamp art thou!
Still, alas! thou wanest—though but slowly;
And I feel as though my heart had harkened
To the whispers of Despondence now.

Yet the world shall not enthrall me—
Never! Never!—

On my briary pathway to the grave
Shapes of pain and peril may appal me,
Agony and ruin may befall me;
Darkness and dismay may hover over;
But cold world I will not die thy slave!

Underneath my feet I trample
You, ye juggles—

Pleasure, passion, thirst of power, and gold!
Shall I, dare I, shame the bright example
Beaming, burning in the deeds and struggles
Of the consecrated few of old?

Sacred flame—which art eternal!
O, bright Essence!

Thou, Enthusiasm!—forsake me not.
Oh! though life be reft of all her vernal
Beauty, ever let thy magic presence
Shed its glory round my clouded lot.

In the 1827 edition of *Tamerlane* and in that alone we also read of the "perilous strife," "pride of power" and the "unhallow'd feeling" of which the ego says:

And I would feel its essence stealing
In dreams upon me—while the light
Flashing from cloud that hover'd o'er,
Would seem to my half-closing eye
The pageantry of monarchy! (lines 42-52).

The following is also unique in the 1827 version:

The magic empire of a flame
Which even upon this perilous brink
Hath fixed my soul, tho' unforgiven,
By what it lost for passion—Heaven. (lines 104-7).

1. "The Dublin Penny Journal," in *Dublin University Magazine*, xv. (January, 1840), p. 118.

The next is common to all versions :

To the sound of the coming darkness (known
To those whose spirits harken) (1827, lines 372-3).

In " Evening Star " which, according to Dr. T. O. Mabbott, Poe never reprinted,² occurs :

 the light
Of the brighter, cold moon,
'Mid planets her slaves

Mangan had written " cold world I will not die thy slave."

The stanzas which begin " In youth have I known one," and which Poe likewise did not reprint,³ contain " flickering torch," " hang's o'er," and " unembodied essence."

In view of the opinion of D. J. O'Donoghue, that Mangan had not published anything before 1831,⁴ there would seem to be no difficulty over the question of priority.

Mangan probably knew Poe's *Poems*, 1831, too. In June, 1842, he published " The Sunken City " in the *Dublin University Magazine*.⁵

Hark ! the faint bells of the Sunken City
Peal once more their wonted evening-chime ;
From the Deep's abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean-grave,
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who hath seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though Death lurks behind each dark rock round.

2. Edgar Allen Poe, *Tamerlane and Other Poems* . . . facsimile . . . with an Introduction by Thomas Ollive Mabbott, New York, 1941, p. lx.

3. *Ibid.*, p. lxi.

4. D. J. O'Donoghue, ed. *Poems of James Clarence Mangan*, Dublin, 1903, pp. 328-9.

5. xix, p. 780.

So the bells of Memory's Wonder-city
 Peal for me their old melodious chime :
 So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty
 Sad and pleasant, from the by-gone time.

Domes, and towers, and castles, fancy-builted,
 There lie lost to Daylight's garish beams,
 There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,
 Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams !

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
 From many a well-known phantom-band,
 And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
 Far off in the Spirit's luminous Land !

Now this follows Wilhelm Müller's " Vineta " rather closely ; but not only does Mangan's title remind one of Poe's " The Doomed City," also the " temples," " domes, and towers, and castles," and " Death " do not occur in the German⁶ though, of course, they are to be found in Poe.

In August 1833, John Francis Waller, over the pseudonym " Iota,"⁷ published an " Irregular Ode to Music in the *Dublin University Magazine*. Stanza I is : ⁸

Come, heavenly Music, come
 O'er my enraptured soul,
 Shedding thy sweetest influence around,
 Clad in the witcheries of softest sound,
 I bend to thy controul :
 Suppliantly
 I bow to thee,
 And yield my senses up in willing slavery.

" Come O'er " is too commonplace to justify any conclusions, but it does occur as " come O'er " twice in the 1827 *Tamerlane*.⁹ More striking is the couplet which occurs in the 1827 " Imitation " :¹⁰

Those thoughts I would controul,
 As a spell upon his soul. (lines 13-14).

6. W. Müller, *Gedichte von Wilhelm Müller*, Leipzig, 1868, Erster Theil, p. 102.

7. D. J. O'Donoghue, *The Poets of Ireland*, p. 469.

8. II pp. 153-4.

9. E. A Booth and C. E. Jones, *A Concordance of the Poetical Works of Edgar Allen Poe*, Baltimore 1941, p. 30.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 31.

Not only does "Iota" use the identical rhyme but also the old-fashioned spelling of the noun,—i.e., *controul*. I have not encountered it elsewhere in either the *Dublin University Magazine* or Waller's writings.

The "heavenly" music, of course, reminds one of Poe's "Israfel" which first appeared in *Poems*, 1831. The "deep chords" and "wild flame" of stanza 2, and "each swinging world heave wildly by" in stanza 5 also appear to be echoes. Stanza 7 deserves to be reproduced:

Such as the hymns of praise
Of the Archangels as they bore along
From light unquenchable that first bright glance
That woke the sleeping world from its dark trance,
When heaven's angelic host caught up the song
With words of fire
Thou didst inspire
Till trembling systems echoed to the choir.

In 1836 "Iota" published "The Music of Nature" in the same periodical. Here is stanza 4:¹¹

And now, in the sweet noon of lovely night
My feet have wandered forth in search of thee
When the full-rounded moon with flooding light
Pours silvery splendour o'er Night's panoply,
Gazing down deeply from the central height
Of heaven's blue, starless, cloudless, boundless sky
Mildly, as sinks upon the enraptured sight,
The light that falls from beauty's deep blue eye.

Did not Waller have in mind Poe's "at noon of night/while the moon danc'd with the fair stranger light" ("Al Aaraaf ii" lines 9-10) or "What though the moon—the silvery moon—/Shine on his path in her high noon" (1827 *Tamerlane* lines 376-7)? And "blue, starless, cloudless, boundless sky" recalls "Al Aaraaf i," lines 86-7.

How could a knowledge of Poe in Dublin as early as 1833 be accounted for? Three hypotheses may be offered.

First, it may be that Poe was seeking a European printer. In support of this thesis, you may remember that the publisher of the 1831 *Poems*, Elam Bliss, had already issued "Hadad, a

11. "The Music of Nature," by Iota in *Dublin University Magazine* VII. (February, 1836), pp. 226-7.

dramatic poem," by James A. H. Hillhouse, New York, 1825," and that this book had appeared in London in the same year with E. Bliss, E. White and J. Miller listed as publishers. And in 1832 Bliss brought out William Cullen Bryant's *Poems* at the same time that a London edition was being published.¹² Bliss evidently was familiar with London publishers and may have suggested Dublin publication to Poe.

A second, and not incompatible, theory is that the editor¹³ of the "Selections from the American Poets" which was published by William Frederick Wakeman in Dublin, 1834, had acquired at least two volumes of Poe's poetry in his attempt to introduce "to the British reader a leaf or two from the respective wreaths of all who have distinguished themselves in the wild Parnassus of the western world."¹⁴ Since Bliss was the publisher of Hillhouse, Brainard and Bryant, each of whom was to be represented in the *Selections*, one may easily believe that the editor of the anthology had asked him for information about other American poets. This would account for the 1831 *Poems*.

Can the presence of the 1827 *Tamerlane* in Ireland be explained in the same way? Perhaps. Samuel Ketell's *Specimens of American Poets*, Boston, 1829, which contains a reference to *Tamerlane*, and other poems, by a Bostonian, Boston, 1827, was certainly known to the anonymous reviewer of "American Poetry" in the *Dublin University Magazine* for January, 1835. He quotes from it, albeit without identifying the source. It is not unlikely that Ketell's anthology was also known to the anonymous editor of the *Selections*, although he seems to have relied more on George B. Cheever's *The Common-Place Book of American Poetry*, Boston and Baltimore, 1831.

Third, as I am writing this I have a copy of the *Selections from the American Poets* before me. It is "inscribed by the editor" "to Mrs. Hemans, as one whose approbation the American poet would most desire." Poe, for one, answers the description. He not only admired her poetry but probably also knew of her in-

12. William Cullen Bryant, *The Poetical Works of William Cullen Bryant*. Roslyn Edition, New York, 190., pp. lxxxi-lxxxv.

13. In a letter, dated from Dublin, April 10, 1939, "Seumas O'Sullivan," editor of *The Dublin Magazine*, told me that the Reverend Caesar Otway was responsible for the *Selections*. Otway was one of the editors of *The Dublin Penny Journal* (Justin McCarthy ed. *Irish Literature*, in 10 vols. Philadelphia 1904. Vol. VII, p. 2848) and a founder of the *Dublin University Magazine* (Michael Sadleir *Dublin University Magazine*, Dublin, 1938, p. 63).

14. "American Poetry" in *Dublin University Magazine*, V. (January, 1835), p. 94.

terest in American poets.¹⁵ She had settled in Ireland in 1831, and he may have sent copies of his books to her Dublin address. He may even have asked her about Dublin publishers.

To support this wild surmise I have neither documentary evidence nor the "peculiar analytical ability" of Poe's detective, Monsieur Dupin. But it would not be exceptional if Poe "sought Mrs. Hemans' approbation." He was never one to hide his light under a bushel. In 1829 he wrote letters commending his poetry to such once influential American authors as William Wirt and John Neal, to whom he dedicated "Tamerlane" in the Baltimore edition of his poems which was published in that year.¹⁶ And some sixteen years later, although he didn't know her, he dedicated *The Raven and other Poems* to an English poet, Elizabeth Barrett (Browning).¹⁷ As for Mrs. Hemans, I don't know when Poe first became aware of her interest in American writers, but in a review of Chorley's *Memorials of Mrs. Hemans* which Poe wrote¹⁸ for *The Southern Literary Messenger*, October 1836 he said: (p. 274)

She regarded Professor Norton, who undertook the publication of her works (or rather its superintendence) in this country,¹⁹ as one of her firmest friends. . . . With Dr. Channing she frequently corresponded. An offer of a certain and liberal income was made her in the hope of tempting her to take up her residence in Boston and conduct a periodical.²⁰

Aside from this wild surmise about Mrs. Hemans, then, Dubliners who may have supplied Mangan and Waller with copies of Poe's books in 1833 were Otway, Wakeman and Folds, the editor, publisher and printer, respectively, of the *Selections*. I

15. Felicia Hemans, *The Works of Mrs. Hemans with a Memoir by her Sister*, Philadelphia, 1840, 7 Vols., Vol. 1, p. 113, p. 177. p. 266. cf. esp. pp. 114-6, "she was supplied with all that was most interesting in transatlantic literature, either through the munificence of Mr. Norton (Andrews Norton, of Harvard), or the kindness of the respective authors, with some of whom she was thus brought into direct communication."

16. A. H. Quinn, *Edgar Allan Poe A Critical Biography*, New York, 1941, p. 138, pp. 152-3.

17. *Ibid.*, p. 485.

18. *Ibid.*, p. 258.

19. In 1826, see *Christian Examiner*, Boston, 1826, p. 173.

20. The date of this offer is not given by Chorley but my inference from the context is that it was made by Channing, or Andrews Norton, in 1827, or 1828. (Henry F. Chorley, *Memorials of Mrs. Hemans* . . . in Two Volumes, New York, 1836, Vol. 1, pp. 107-9, p. 172). Since Poe was in Boston from April to November, 1827, he may have heard the rumour that Mrs. Hemans was coming to America to edit a magazine. (Quinn, *op. cit.*, p. 118, p. 129).

know of no link between Otway, or Wakeman, and Poe. He mentions Folds' shop in a hostile review of *Charles O'Malley* (Carey & Hart : Philadelphia, n.d.) which he published in *Graham's Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine*, March 1842 (pp. 186ff). Here Poe referred to "the publishing office of the *Dublin University Magazine*, in which the narrative originally appeared, having been burned down." Lever's biographer says that this fire took place in J. S. Folds, January 1841.²¹ Did Poe mention the detail because he wished to appear omniscient? Did the printer of the *Dublin University Magazine* and *Selections from the American Poets* have a peculiar interest for him? I don't know and I have no other data which might throw light on a knowledge of Poe in Dublin, 1833.

I have not attempted to tell you the other side of the story. The likelihood that Poe read Mangan's pseudonymous contributions to the *Dublin University Magazine* was first recognised by John Savage in an article on "Edgar Allen Poe" which he contributed to the *United States Magazine and Democratic Review*, February, 1851. It has been repeated by Justin H. McCarthy, Joseph Skipsey, Louise Imogen Guiney, Thomas MacDonagh and Padraic Colum, *inter alia*. It is undoubtedly true although Poe probably never identified the man under all the aliases. Granted that Mangan had seen the 1827 *Tamerlane*, it is also possible that he did not recognize who "a Bostonian" was.

I have attempted to produce evidence that copies of Poe's *Tamerlane*, and other *Poems*, 1827, and *Poems*, 1831, may have been in Dublin as early as 1833. Not so many years ago, before the recent war, a popular writer published a story about Poe in a widely-circulated American magazine. In the course of it he recommended that any New England reader should search his attic for a copy of the 1827 *Tamerlane* because it was worth \$10,000. Subsequently three copies turned up and the last fetched \$21,000. Now here is my suggestion to anyone who has followed me up to this point: "Vade, et tu fac similiter."²²

21. W. J. Fitzpatrick, *The Life of Charles Lever*, London, 1901, p. 136.

22. Evangelium secundum Lucam, Caput X, 37.

ROBERT LYND 1879-1949

By P. S. O'Hegarty

IT was in the Spring of 1905, Spring, not in Park Lane, but in Fleet Street, that I walked along Fleet Street one Saturday afternoon to the Gaelic League offices there. The London Gaelic League was then in its prime, and one of its activities was the holding of a monthly *Seanchas*, in Spring and early Summer, on Saturday afternoons in the offices at Fleet Street. As a rule I did not attend, because Saturday afternoons were sacred to book-hunting, and I do not recollect why exactly I went to this one. But go I did.

Most of those present I knew, but amongst those whom I did not know, one was sufficiently striking to be noticed in any company, and I wondered who he was. Tall, dark, a little bent even then, hair longish, his dark clothes bulging at the pockets and obviously worn for their comfort-utility value than for their accurate fit, he stood out. His face might easily be called strikingly handsome, and often was so called. But at that first sight it was in repose, and it seemed to me to have a touch of wistfulness in it. Then he smiled at somebody, and the face ceased to be either handsome or wistful, but became a most attractive one. Into his eyes came the dancing lights of that Northern sense of humour which the Ulster Protestant fondly imagines is his, and his only, whereas it is equally noticeable in the Ulster Catholic. When the *Seanchas* ended I saw that his black hat matched his suit, and that both, but for the colour, would quite well match my own. Chance decreed that we reach the outer door at the same time, and we walked off together, left, Fleet Street, the Strand, Charing Cross Road, quite naturally and unconsciously. It was later that night when we separated, having walked and talked ourselves into a firm friendship.

Nobody has yet discerned the springs of friendship, or of love, or of anything to do with the affections. But, in order to last, there must be, not common opinions, prejudices, and fads, but a common approach to all these. Shakespeare got nearest to it in the masterly lines "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments." The essential element in love and in friendship is in the mind, and not, as current fiction assumes,

in the body. Lynd and I didn't see eye to eye in everything. For all our talks, I was never able to accept Wordsworth, Shelley, or Keats as great poets, and he was unable to accept Shaw as a great dramatist. I could not accept his pacifism nor could he accept physical force. But our minds marched together, and we remained intimate friends until I left London in 1913.

In 1905 he was a Gaelic Leaguer, well on in the study of Irish, a separatist, and a reader of *The United Irishman*, but not a member of any separatist organisation. But when Herbert Hughes, returning from a holiday in Belfast in the Summer of 1906, bubbling over with enthusiasm engendered by Bulmer Hobson, and determined to found in London Dungannon Club No. 4, amongst those invited to the inaugural meeting [By Postcard—most important—New Movement—The Dungannon Club—Principles of 1782—The Republic—Everything bubbling over] was Lynd. Other members included Eddie and Norman Morrow (in whose studio meetings were held), Mrs. Dryhurst and her daughters Nora and Sylvia, George Gavan Duffy, Michael MacWhite, Freddie Cogley and myself. For a couple of months Hughes was the perfect and enthusiastic Hon. Sec., sending out notices of committee meetings (held in the Express Dairy Coy's. restaurant in Holborn), writing out minutes, with unaccustomed promptitude, and then, having seen the Club well established, he handed it on to somebody else. In 1907 all the separatist organisations were united as *Sinn Féin* on the basis of the *Sinn Féin Policy* outlined by Arthur Griffith, and Lynd became a member of, and a member of the Committee of, the Central Branch. In the years that followed he was one of the leaders of Sinn Féin London, taking a leading part in all the normal activities of the movement, writing, lecturing, debating. And, though increasing family responsibilities and increasing journalistic work limited his activities as the years passed, he never went out of sympathy with the movement, even though the "Little Belgium" propaganda at the outset of the Great War diverted him temporarily into a seeming opposition. His last Irish book *Ireland a Nation* (1919) is the book of a Sinn Féiner, of the best vintage.

Most of his Irish writings were signed in Irish, Riobárd ua Fhloinn. That signature will be found in *Uladh* (1905), *The Republic* (1906-7), *Inis Fáil* (the monthly journal of the Gaelic League of London, 1904-1910) and its successor *An t-Éireannach* (1910-1913),

as well as in *Sinn Fein* and *The Peasant and Nation*. In Inis Fail he wrote under other signatures also, in the early volumes. There are notes and articles signed B. D. and Brian Donn which I take to be his, and others signed I.I., which is most certainly the original form of his famous Y. Y. His articles on *The Orangemen and the Nation* in *The Republic* were published as a pamphlet in 1907 by the Dungannon Clubs, and a little later a lecture of his *The Ethics of Sinn Fein* was published by the Limerick Branch of *The National Council*, and afterwards republished as one of the official series of Sinn Fein pamphlets.

His first book was a novel, *The Mantle of the Emperor* (1906), written in collaboration with Ladbroke Black and illustrated by Paul Henry, a series of six stories, in the romantic manner of the time, based on the early career of the third Napoleon. [The writer of the obituary notice in *The Times* had never heard of it]. His Irish books and pamphlets were: —

The Orangemen and the Nation. 1907

The Ethics of Sinn Fein. 1907 or 1908.

Irish and English. 1908. The first of his books of essays.

Home Life in Ireland. 1909.

Rambles in Ireland. 1912.

Ireland a Nation. 1919.

In his long series of books of essays and of criticism there are, of course, many references to Irish subjects, and some Irish essays. Critical appreciations of Synge, Shaw and Yeats, will be found in *Old and New Masters* (1919) and of Swift and Wilde in *The Art of Letters* (1920).

In England, his reputation rests on his essays. Good judges have linked him with E. V. Lucas, and some even with Charles Lamb. They are most admirable essays, written with artistry and apparently with the greatest ease, charming, reasonable, tolerant, and yet with point. Actually they were written with the greatest care, in blood and sweat, written and rewritten. He had a very high standard, and used to bemoan the fact that he never had time to reach it. But I place his literary essays higher than the others. His literary notices had the effect of making you want to read the writers he praised, as do the literary notices of Arthur Symonds and Henry James. He would have been a magnificent editor of a literary weekly. But no rich Irishman ever thought of it.

His Irish writings are all first class, and, to an Irishman, his

best. When he wrote of Irish themes he wrote out of the heart, out of knowledge, out of an Irish awareness. He was tolerant, reasonable, persuasive, and even in his propagandist writings he appealed less to the rightness of his own side than to the reason that was in the most intolerant of his opponents. He never made an enemy, and nobody ever succeeded in quarrelling with him. He was typical of the best side of Sinn Fein, which derived through Griffith, from Thomas Davis.

In *The Times* obituary, nothing was said of his Sinn Fein days. He was referred to as "a true son of Ulster." So he was, but not of the Ulster beloved of *The Times*, but of Irish Ulster. He would have been more at home on the scaffold with the Rev. James Porter, or Thomas Russell, than on the woolsack with Carson or in Stormont with Craigavon. He was very gentle, but unflinching in his ideals, in his rules of conduct. When I knew him first he was writing on two London weekly papers, at 30/- and 21/- per week respectively. The 30/- a week gentleman sacked one of his colleagues and asked Lynd to do the two jobs at 50/-. He refused and was sacked.

In 1919 he wrote in *Ireland a Nation* :—

Those who know history know that the Ulster question is an invention of British statesmen. It did not exist in the eighteenth century when Ireland had a national parliament. Ulster had then, as now, certain sectarian passions but she had no anti-national passions. She was as Nationalist as the American colonies. If she has been anti-national in recent years she has been so in close collusion with British statesmen. . . . Personally, I, am in favour of the fullest self-determination for Ulster in so far as it does not conflict with self-determination for Ireland.

It is, perhaps, not a matter for wonder that the only Government which was officially represented at his graveside was the Irish Government.

Except the greatest, even the worthiest of writers has only a fleeting immortality in his writings—a niche in an anthology which nobody reads. It is a cold kind of immortality. The real immortality is perhaps shorter but it is warmer—in the remembrance of his friends that are living. I still see Robert's quizzical smile as he made a point, and I remember the long nights' talks and rambles, the arguments and the meetings, the resolutions about Sinn Fein, and all that delirium of the brave in the early and formative years of Sinn Fein. It is enough.

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

By A. J. Leventhal

- LE MAÎTRE DE SANTIAGO. By Henry de Montherlant. Théâtre-Hébertot, Paris.
- MR. SUPPLE OR TIME WILL TELL. By Christine Longford. Longford Productions. Gate Theatre.
- BY THE BOARD. By R. B. D. French and Barry Roach. Dublin University Players. Peacock Theatre.

I often like to point out in these notes that it is quite in the tradition to take the directors of the National Theatre to task for sins of omission or commission. It was in the very early stages of the dramatic revival that James Joyce, as a very young man, raised his voice in a banned College magazine to protest against the new policy of the Irish Literary Theatre. He called the directors cowardly for not adhering to their original plan to produce European masterpieces. In those days Joyce was thinking of Ibsen, Hauptman and Tolstoy—dramatists who had a revolutionary message and he ascribes the shyness of the directors to present their works, to fear. For what chance was there of tolerant acceptance of frank discussion of social problems by audiences who had declared Yeats' *Countess Cathleen* to be vicious and damnable. Since then the Abbey and Gate theatres have given us not only those dramatists singled out by Joyce but many more with themes devastatingly disdainful of prevalent public opinion.

This notwithstanding, since the war and post-war years European drama in its modern developments has not had as much hospitality on the Dublin stage as might be desired. It is true that Longford Productions have given us plays by Mauriac and that Madame Bannard Cogley experimented bravely with Camus but we have had no Sartre or Anouilh, to mention but two of the better known French playwrights.

A visit to Paris in the autumn made me aware of this serious deficiency in the dramatic fare provided by our talented companies. Whilst Denis Johnston's *Moon on the Yellow River*, in a capable French translation, was playing to select audiences in the French capital, Cocteau's essentially theatrical *The Eagle has two Heads* had got no further west than the West End of London. And in the same way Donagh MacDonagh's *Fading Mansions*, adapted from a play of Anouilh's, shows no sign of early production in this city which the translator claims, in a poem first published in this magazine, to have made him. Curiously enough, this play is announced for presentation in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hardly—up to the present at any rate—to be compared with Dublin as a centre of drama.

I was glad that my visit to Paris gave me the opportunity of seeing Henry de Montherlant's *Le Maître de Santiago*. M. de Montherlant is better known in these islands as a novelist. His novels treat such themes as bullfighting, athletics and a cruel analysis of women's psychology. He writes out of a background based on an aristocratic Catholicism, owing more to the Rome of the later Caesars than that of the Vatican. In this play, however, the scene is set in sixteenth century Spain in the atmosphere of the dying orders of chivalry and the growing material desire for empire. The central figure is Don Alvaro who is weary of the world in which he was once a distinguished military leader. He will have nothing to do with his friends who propose to exploit the natives of South America

and clings obstinately to Christian teaching and the ancient laws of knightly conduct. He will not yield to the pressure of his daughter who, in the end, gives up the world in deference to her father's wishes and enters a convent while he retires to a monastery.

This is a play which has more ideas than action. The hard, inflexible, selfish even, Christianity of Don Alvaro is far from the humble charity of Jesus but could easily justify itself in a country which produced the Inquisition. The love and admiration of her father could make Mariana give up marriage and take the veil. But does Alvaro care more for his own pride or Mariana more for her father than either does for Christianity?

I would recommend this play to the Gate Theatre or one of our more progressive amateur companies. Its production might direct our playwrights into realms of dramas of religion rather than religious dramas.

Lady Longford was not too venturesome in her plot for *Mr. Supple or Time Will Tell*. It is easy to make an audience happy by providing them with a comedy that has no saints but intrinsically decent fellows and with sinners who are definitely 'a bad lot' who must come to an inevitable bad end. We need not go into detail about the Argument, suffice it to say that small-town scandal and cuteness are caught up by big-town confidence trickery and crookery with the ultimate confusion of the alien disturbers of small-timers in their rural, social and all-too-pardonable roguery.

In such comedy plausibility plays little part and character only emerges as an actor's rôle. John Welsh, as the auctioneer, more schemed against than scheming, with great gusto, talked himself out of everything but his own speech-making and kept the house laughing even if he bored his family. Christopher Casson played Major Bellairs, the wicked English coman, as though he believed him possible and the other male parts were competently handled by Aiden Grennell as the local Don Juan, finally turning his father out of business, Charles Mitchell as a weak-kneed industrialist and Vincent Scally as a manservant. Iris Lawler, as Angela the industrialist's daughter, combined a passion for the above mentioned Don Juan with a modern woman's head for commerce without shock to the audience, whilst Gladys Richards, a designing gossiping female, showed that, as an actress, she has in reserve more wiles than the part asked of her. Gervaise Mathews, as the wife and accomplice of the shady Major, seemed to be at a loss in the first act as to what was expected of her but warmed to the part later when she became sure of her siren rôle. There was not the brightness of dialogue which the playwright has led us to expect from her; she lets the plot unravel itself which in fact it does merrily but without brilliance. *Mr. Supple*, despite its present popularity, is too thin a comedy to last. However, as the catch-phrase in the piece has it, "time will tell."

The Dublin University Players have an agreeable habit of engaging the Peacock Theatre at the end of Michaelmas term for the production of pantomime or revue. Naturally, the humour of the quadrangle with its intra-mural quips plays a considerable part in the text but the productions are by no means esoteric. World mismanagement, the foostering of City Fathers, the foibles of the bourgeoisie, weaknesses of Labour leaders are exposed as freely and comically as academic gowns are torn from the persons of dons and proctors to reveal the frailties of College authority, or put on to mimic their mannerisms. In *By the Board*—this time a revue—the most riotous part of the evening was the 'taking

off' of College personalities by Niall Rudd who seems to have a natural gift for impersonation. One does not expect to find finished acting in undergraduate productions but Barry Roach has the mannerisms and confidence of an old professional hand. Mr. R. B. D. French is joint author with the latter of the text which has wit as well as satire and reason as well as rhyme. The brilliance of the satire of three well-known columnists of the *Irish Times* in one of the sketches shows that the authors might easily write a West End hit if they were so minded. It is a pity that the Players are not more courageous in their choice of theatre. They could fill the Gate Theatre, or even the Gaiety Theatre, for a week with a revue as bright and original as *By the Board*.

Art Notes

By Edward Sheehy.

TAISPEANTAS ELAION AN OIREACHTAIS.

EXHIBITIONS OF RECENT PAINTINGS BY DANIEL O'NEILL, JACK B. YEATS, NORAH MACGUINNESS, THURLOE CONOLLY. At The Victor Waddington Galleries

DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS BY DAVID CLARKE, PAINTINGS IN OIL AND WATER-COLOUR BY ELIZABETH RIVERS, RECENT PAINTINGS BY PATRICK HENNESSY. At The Dublin Painters' Gallery.

DRAWINGS AND PAINTINGS BY DAVID CLARKE. At The Harry Clarke Studios.

While we welcome wholeheartedly the spirit which prompts the Department for External Affairs to organise an exhibition of modern Irish painting which will tour a number of cities in Canada and the United States, our pleasure is somewhat modified by our ignorance, so far, of the controlling body. All Irish painters have been asked to submit work; but heaven forbid that all Irish painters should be embarked on this cultural Armada. Mr. MacBride has stressed the dual purpose of the exhibition: as a cultural advertisement, which I take to be primary, and to provide a market for the individual artist. If the first object is to be achieved, the other must come a very poor second. And where the emphasis is to lie is not a matter which can be settled by a government department, not even that of External Affairs. It demands here an independent committee representative of both modern and academic painting in Ireland and including one or more people who know something of modern American painting not entirely culled from the pages of *Life* and *Time*. If it were possible I should like to see on it an artist or critic to whom Irish painting is totally unfamiliar. The local is sometimes blind to the value of what is too familiar.

These remarks are based on the assumption that the project aims, not at the impossible task of impressing the mass of American opinion, but of impressing that small, vocal and more subtly influential minority which is interested in the plastic arts, and which, moreover, is immune to political or national propaganda. I have no doubt of the possibility of a successful exhibition on this level; but its success will inevitably depend on the most stringent selection of only the very best from the works submitted.

The Oireachtas Exhibition, in spite of containing quite a number of interesting pictures suffered, as usual, from an overall lack of insistence on a sufficiently high minimum standard. Much of the work was the product of the amateur and

the dilettante, and, however much he may deplore the fact, the critic is influenced by the general atmosphere of an exhibition, even in judging works which rise above it. Once an exhibition gets this reputation the painters are not inclined to submit their best work, which, in turn leads to a progressive deterioration in quality. In my opinion the reduction of the number of exhibits by a full half would have resulted in much more impressive show.

Highlights of the exhibition were an imaginative landscape, *Oidhche Chiúin*, by Daniel O'Neill; Neville Johnston's *Beal Feirsde*, a dramatic composition in rectangular planes of pure colour; a sombre and brooding seascape, *Ag Bailín Feamainne*, by Nano Reid and Colin Middleton's *Gála ar an gCósta Thoir*, with its dynamic colouring and sense of space. Sean O'Sullivan's expert draughtsmanship was evident in his sensitively drawn head of the President. In spite of a rather overcrowded composition, Muriel Brandt's *Lá Margaidh* had a nicely luminous quality in the paint. I liked the Whistleresque handling of greys in Henry Healy's *Cuan Binn Eadair*; the subtle tone and fluid design of Olive Henry's *Cuan in Eirinn*; the quality of paint and colour in a rather Kernoffian subject, *Droichead Achadh* by John Laffan.

Though a young painter from whom one might reasonably expect a degree of fumbling and uncertainty Daniel O'Neill has brought his initial promise to an extraordinarily satisfying perfection. His individual and reserved palette, his sensitivity to and control of quality combine to express a reality transmuted by the poetic imagination, a world of private essentials, if you will, but at the same time, one of universal validity. O'Neill's genius lies, I think, in a natural faculty for formal and chromatic simplification, for eliminating all but the bare objective essentials to his theme. The result is an unstrained emotional concentration. Moreover he has the courage, strangely rare in these days, that is not afraid of simple beauty in the object, nor of the purely sensuous translation of that beauty into print. At this exhibition I would choose *Early Morning* as an illustration of the full and free exercise of his painterly qualities. We see the lively and luminous paint in drapery and background, the sensuous modelling of the figure contrasting with the rich tones and comparatively flat treatment of the head, the strong balancing accent provided by the yellow of the sunflower to the right, the arrested pose of the arm, all combine to create a mood that is at once calm and joyful. *The Matador*, monumentally composed, is effective just because its static quality, by a subtle dialectic, expresses the opposite, the ultimately fatal movement of the arena. Here too the vivacious arabesque of embroidery on the costume and the polychromatic shimmer of the crowd in the gallery, emphasises the still and brooding calm of the head. One picture, *The First Born*, a beautiful and original treatment of the mother-and-child theme, while still unmistakably the work of O'Neill, shows a more direct, less abstracted human feeling, and may indicate a new line of development. Though the majority of the remaining thirty pictures had something valuable and individual to say, in addition to the above I liked best *Armande*, *The Wild Bird's Nest* and *MacGonigal's Scarecrow*. To any readers interested in the work of Daniel O'Neill I would like to recommend an excellent critical appreciation by Cecil French Salkeld which appears in the December issue of the new Irish literary monthly, *Envoy*.

"Neither will it be right to set down every painter for a great man, the moment we find he is clear; for there is a hard and vulgar intelligibility of nothing-

ness, just as there is an ambiguity of nothingness." I am reminded of these words from Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, where they occur in the chapter "Of Turnerian Mystery," whenever I hear painter or critic deplore the fact that Jack B. Yeats ignores both the painstaking naturalism of academic painting on the one hand, or the self-conscious mannerisms of so much modern painting on the other. For me his exuberant colour, his violent manipulation of paint are justified by the results, by the poetry, the rich suggestiveness and the vitality of his pictures. As for clarity, Yeats can at times achieve it with the force of a sudden blinding illumination as he does, for instance, when he paints the galloping horse in *A Friend*. But he is more often the painter of mood evoked by ancient memory where clarity would be merely destructive of emotion. For instance I cannot conceive how other than darkly and obscurely one could achieve that feeling of being on the threshold of revelation which broods over the landscape in *There is no Night*; nor do I need to understand the precise significance of the grand figures in *The Expected* in order to feel that here is a moment of destiny. The more I see of Jack Yeats' work the more I tend to accept it as I would a natural phenomenon and to say: "Others abide our question, thou art free," in homage and resignation.

Though Thurloe Conolly paints a few pictures that are exercises in formal abstraction, and on that level satisfying, his more characteristic work at present lies either in the abstract simplification of the object, as in *The Cobbler's Bench*, *The Forest* or *Botanical Garden*; or alternatively in a kind of patterned composition in which symbols with a primitive or private suggestiveness recur. Conolly is not the painter for those who seek for obvious or literal meaning. Indeed his 'meaning' in the ordinary sense eludes me more often than not. But I can enjoy his pictures for an intrinsic beauty arising from a combination of subtly harmonious colour, satisfying design and a beautifully varied texture of paint. His technical sensibility is particularly evident in *The Cobbler's Bench* in which the balanced rectangular planes are differentiated wholly by colour with uniform and luminous tonal modulation. *The Forest* is another near-abstract with beautiful design and colour. Of his pictures in the second category I liked best *The Hunter* and *The Hunter's Return* for their nice combination of simplicity in conception and sensibility in treatment.

Though better known for her woodcuts Elizabeth Rivers bids fair to establish a considerable reputation as a painter. Already her watercolours show an unstudied perfection in their sureness and harmony of colour and in the luminous quality of the wash. *The Mountain*, in particular, is a picture of subtle and delicate beauty. On the other hand as a painter in oils I feel that she is still in the process of evolution chiefly through lack of satisfaction with the easy or obvious achievement. I liked the mood, colour and paint in *Old Man Goes Home*, the free painting and subtle colour of *Still Life*, 1933. A more recent picture *Slan le h-Arainn* (2) has a planned architectural impressiveness in the arrangement of sombre planes of quay and rock, with the solitary horseman against flat impersonal cobalt of the sea. *The Ball Game*, in spite of its good colour, had an air of not being sufficiently organised. But even where she is guilty of occasional technical fumbling, particularly in her more ambitious pictures, I am tempted to quote, again from Ruskin: "so in painting, there are men who can express themselves but blunderingly, and yet have much in them to express; and

there are others who talk with great precision, whose works are yet very impertinent and untrustworthy assertions."

At its best the work of Norah MacGuinness is forthright, spontaneous and dramatic; unfortunately her style is one which, when inspiration is lacking, becomes too easily a parody of itself, producing the effect of over-emphasis with lack of content. In two effectively dramatic pictures, *Sunset*, *Lower Mount St.*, and *Lower Mount St.*, she is at her best and most characteristic. On the other hand *The Mill Stream* shows her capable of a direct and delicate handling of a lyrical theme.

David Clarke, son of the late and famous Harry Clarke, is a young painter of varied and unequal achievement, but of definite promise. At the moment he paints in a bewildering variety of styles, betrays a host of undigested influences and, to judge by some fifty-one canvases painted within a year, too enthusiastic to be sufficiently self-critical. Nevertheless a number of canvases showed signs of individual achievement: the semi-abstract form and restricted colour of *The Agony* in gouache; the handling of subdued blues in the seascape, *At Hendaye*; the warmth and unaffected directness of the portrait in *Pedro* though I found the head placed somewhat too low on the canvas. I liked also the bold calligraphy of *Still Life at Window*.

In the years since I first knew it Patrick Hennessy's work has not changed; but I fear that my reaction to it has undergone a gradual metamorphosis. My first reaction to his work was one of admiration and astonishment at the super-human accuracy with which he transferred such a variety of forms and textures to canvas. One could feel the weave in the brocade, the rough surface of the peeling plaster; one could hear the rustle of the tissue-paper which half-concealed orange or jam-jar. But gradually the chill accuracy of his palette, the precision of his drawing and modelling, stultified emotion, as though I were confronted a series of scientific experiments instead of works of art, and came between me and even the intrinsic beauty of the object painted. I am still capable of a certain degree of astonishment when confronted with pictures like *Primroses* or *Madame Butterfly* but I cannot avoid the chill engendered by this apotheosis of technique.

BOOK REVIEWS

INSIGHT AND OUTLOOK. An Inquiry into the Common Foundations of Science, Art and Social Ethics. By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. 25s.

The aim of Mr. Koestler's book is to show "that all the creative activities of man are based on a common pattern, and to present a unifying theory of humour, art and discovery, in which these are shown to differ merely in degree and not in kind. Secondly, the attempt is made to show the possibility of a system of ethics which is neither utilitarian nor dogmatic, but derived from the same integrative tendency in the evolutionary process to which the creative activities of art and discovery are traced."

The theory of the comic is first examined. There is a brilliant survey of satire and irony, and the effect of our increasing sophistication on the develop-

ment of comedy. This attempt "to isolate the germ of laughter, as it were—that strange bug which only prospers in the human climate, yet which has so far eluded the analytical microscope" is followed by a physiological and psychological examination of crying. Laughter and crying being the outward signs of 'redundant or frustrated' self-asserting and self-transcending emotions respectively, there follows a study of the biological foundation of these emotions. Not only are contemporary trends in biology discussed, but also the behaviour of social wholes and the relation of the individual to his environment.

Mr. Koestler makes use of three concepts: (1) "*operative fields*, that is, plastic patterns of behaviour and thought, organized according to habit-grown selective rules, and adaptable to situations varying within certain limits" (2) "*bisociation*, that is, the simultaneous correlation of an experience to two otherwise independent operative fields" and (3) "a conflict between *self-assertive* and *self-transcending* tendencies of behaviour . . . processes of polarization observable on various levels of the evolutionary scale." These concepts are applied to art, science, ethics and creative thought in general.

There is an enquiry into the foundations of a 'natural' system of ethics—that is, ethics with the integrative tendency as its basis; and an analysis of the processes of scientific discovery. The analogy drawn between political functioning and the behaviour of animal organisms rather unhappily suggests an inevitable totalitarianism. The section devoted to an analysis of bisociative patterns in literature is impressive and penetrating.

It is difficult in limited space to do justice to a book so considerable in its range, its implications and its documentation. The general effect is stimulating; but with a large measure of over-simplification, of definitions too commodious. Mr. Koestler does, of course, admit qualifications of his theories. Philosophers will be critical of some of his terms, psychologists of his attack on certain Freudian contentions; but till the succeeding volume, whose purpose is to elaborate the scientific foundation of his thesis, appears, it is impossible to decide whether Mr. Koestler has in fact managed to salt the tail of the all-inclusive theory that is "to do for philosophy what Einstein attempted for physics in his 'unitary field theory.'"

A COMMENTARY ON THE GENERAL PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES. By Muriel Bowden. Macmillan. 20/-

"Chaucer's characters are a description of the eternal principles that exist in all ages," wrote Blake in the Catalogue Note of his own illustration of the Canterbury pilgrims and, with characteristic directness, he proceeded to reprove other critics for their mistaken notions. "Chaucer is himself the great poetical observer of men, who in every age is born to record and eternise its acts. This he does as a master, as a father and superior, who looks down on their little follies, from the Emperor to the Miller, sometimes with severity, oftener with joke and sport." But Blake was too obscure to have any influence on his contemporaries and the revival of interest in Chaucer did not take place till long afterwards. Thomas Moore, for example, in his *Diary*, dismisses the worthy Father of English poetry as a tedious writer. William Morris was the first to draw practical attention to the narrative skill of Chaucer and *The Earthly Paradise* was an attempt to set the ages back. The famous Prologue of the Morris poem captured the imagination of Victorian readers and, poring over the page

by gas-light, many dreamed of a mediaeval London "small and white and clean." It was pleasant to escape from industrialism to the poetic trade of the past—

Florence gold cloth, and Ypres napery,
And cloth of Bruges, and hogsheads of Guienne;
While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
Moves over bills of lading.

In recent years scholarship has been intensified and the fourteenth century has been thoroughly explored by historians. In her Commentary on Chaucer's famous Prologue, Miss Bowden has taken full advantage of the latest knowledge and, with brilliant American efficiency, has brought together a great number of interesting facts. In effect, she gives us the realistic background against which the sharply delineated types of pilgrims move. The fourteenth century was an age of restlessness and change, but it would be misleading to stress the seeming similarities with our own age—for one thing we lack the gift of impartial humorous observation. The pleasant nursery tale of Dick Whittington cradles for us the infancy of big business and the London of Chaucer's time, as Miss Bowden points out, was grim enough. "Exporter fought importer, native business men quarrelled with foreign, merchant-princes forced small dealers to the wall." Religion prospered and the century-old cult of St. Thomas à Becket was still popular.

In the year 1220, when St. Thomas's body was translated from the crypt to Trinity Chapel, the receipts were immense, amounting to between one-fifth and one-quarter of a million dollars in modern currency; in the anniversary year of 1420, the monetary receipts were less, but other gifts—rings, brooches, jewels, gold, spices, tapers, cups, and statues—continued to be donated with unabated enthusiasm.

To-day portions of the front door of Bernadette's house at Lourdes are sold to thousands of pilgrims. In Chaucer's time small leaden bottles, or *ampulles*, were filled by the monks with the diluted blood (miraculously inexhaustible) of the martyred Becket and were distributed among the pilgrims. In Mercery Lane, near the Cathedral, shop and stall were filled with brooches stamped with the head of St. Thomas and other suitable souvenirs.

Miss Bowden devotes a chapter to each of the main pilgrims and shows his or her background, a method more convenient than textual notes; and her detailed commentary shows the concentrated accuracy of Chaucer, enabling us to appreciate the contemporary aptness of the descriptions and to appreciate humorous references which otherwise would be lost to us. The pretty appearance of the Prioress, for example, is borrowed humorously from the conventional description of the typical heroine of mediaeval popular romance. But, like other academic writers, Miss Bowden tends to stress unnecessary points. "We should note, however, that Chaucer ends his description of the physical attributes of the Prioress with her countenance, adding only the quiet statement that she is well-proportioned. This shows remarkable restraint on the part of Chaucer." The occasion scarcely called for an anatomical catalogue, such as is to be found in the *Book of the Duchess*!

Hunting, ship-building, cookery, law, the profitable industry of indulgences with credit in the purgatorial bank—all these aspects of mediaeval life are explained in detail for the general reader. It is pleasant to be reminded that Alisoun,

that jolly, indecorous, and much-married Wife, who lived "biside Bathe," came from the parish of St. Michael-without-the-North-Gate, also sometimes designated as *juxta Bathon*. This little parish was formed by two short streets meeting at an acute angle which had the vertex at the north gate; facing the gate was the ancient square-towered church of St. Michael, the very church at the door of which Alisoun's numerous matrimonial adventures may have begun.

M. D.

THE WORKS OF GEORGE BERKELEY. Edited by Professor A. A. Luce and Professor T. E. Jessop. Volume Two. Edited by T. E. Jessop. O.B.E., M.C., B.Litt. Nelson. 30/-

Volume Two of the new edition of Berkeley contains the two main philosophical works: *Principles of Human Knowledge* and *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*. Professor Jessop says in his preface: "Judged by the criteria of originality of thought and quality of expression, both of them are masterpieces, and therefore entitled to the tribute of a scrupulously edited text." In the hands of both editors this care for the text is matched by brilliant exegesis, a delight in the man and admiration of the philosopher; and the result of their labours is a very distinguished monument to him.

Professor Jessop points out that Berkeley's early plan to cover "no less than the whole field of philosophy and science as known in his day" was abandoned, and his writings therefore give us "not a system, but only the skeleton of a system, though clothed upon here and there with living flesh, and by a miracle of philosophical vision and literary art already informed with a soul. . . . Its most striking features are its originality and its brevity. It is the simplest of all philosophies, and the simplification is the work of genius." *The Principles of Human Knowledge* is followed by the first draft of the Introduction to the *Principles*. The *Dialogues* he regards as "one of the finest literary gems of our philosophical heritage" and a perfect introduction to the whole of Berkeley's philosophy. The volume also contains, in addition to its admirable introductions to the two works, its analyses and bibliographical matter, the correspondence between Berkeley and Samuel Johnson, "the father of American philosophy." These letters have been published here—the general correspondence will appear in a later volume—because they are the only ones wholly devoted to philosophical questions to survive.

If it has hitherto been true that "Berkeley is more read about than read," the present editors have endeavoured, and with remarkable sympathy and discrimination, to present him to the common reader. The latter can, at least, find in the climate of his mind, in the lucidity of his genius, his courageous attack on minds "debauched by learning," in his vigorous humanity, the fascination of a man remote perhaps in his religious orthodoxy and yet pungently modern. How firmly of his age he is when, in his assault on atheism and the Manichean heresy, he invites his readers to enlarge their views of the laws of Nature, for then: "we shall be forced to acknowledge that those particular things, which considered in themselves appear to be *evil*, have the nature of *good*, when considered as linked with the whole system of beings." A view, it would seem, so easily gained from the cosy eminence of a bishopric, but hardly to be guessed from the molehill of, say, a Dublin slum. Yet this impression of an indolent social conscience is corrected in Professor Luce's biography where he is shown concerned with all the

liberality of the individualist for the welfare of humanity. And how near in temper to our disillusionment is his impatience with words. Professor Jessop quotes with zest his: "To behold the deformity of error, we need only undress it"—apt surely to our slogans that, shapeless in their ideological blankets, are banded about the world.

Berkely is like a massive galleon, indifferent to the barnacled absurdities imputed to him, but circumspect on his voyage of independence and superb in agility and the devastation of his battles against the "pernicious enemies of all knowledge." Professor Jessop remarks acutely that "he could not bring himself to make an affair of piety what was clearly an affair of common sense." How odd a fate that his passionate and magnificent loyalty to common sense should have appeared as an extravaganza to be squibbed out of existence by every would-be wit.

W. B. YEATS: MAN & POET. By A. Norman Jeffares. Routledge & Keegan Paul. 21/-

Yeats is in many ways the ideal subject for a Biography; as in life he has all the qualities that count, the longevity that covers several interesting decades of change and fashion, the well-marked alterations in himself and his work that correspond with the changing times, his unusual interests such as Magic and the milieu that surrounded it, his intervention in practical politics—or impractical politics if you like for he was a member of the I.R.B. at a time when physical force seemed as far from sound policy as Mars from the moon, above all this startling and picturesque figure who made all the world a stage had suffered from a famous and unsuccessful love affair with a political beauty who has become part of our Irish heritage: I may add, too, that not the least of his gifts to his biographers is that he himself was a voluminous autobiographer.

Yeats, indeed, had the faculty of enlarging his surroundings. He lived his myth from the first. In the Dublin Art School, before he could scan, he was the personification of what a young poet should be; and years afterwards when he was well into his Sixties and I met him for the first time, he was the personification of what an ageing world-famous poet should be to a young man. And in between, what a life! But a life all the same that was not of the worldly importance he deemed it. Looking back on it we can see now that he was the important figure, not Edwin Ellis who transferred to him Rossetti's interest in William Blake, nor Lionel Johnson who groomed the provincial out of him, nor Dowson nor Symonds who were something of his wild oats, nor Lady Gregory who looking around for an interest in which she could invest her surplus energy chose him as she would another promising investment, not even the Abbey Theatre that no longer produces his verse plays. All of those people and societies, indeed, seem to have an existence only on the edge of what is important; but he, Yeats himself, was and is so important that if he mythologised them itself until they had all larger than life qualities, we have no desire to quarrel any longer with him about the matter. He took them and used them, and it is this use that makes them important.

Not that I think his importance is entirely assured. I offer this as a critical rather than an emotional opinion. We must remember that it is many years since his early verse appealed to the literary public. Dr. Jeffares has not much use for it; and lately another Yeats biographer dismisses it very casually. And yet in its time this verse served a public as intelligent as the modern public.

And the middle period also does not strike the sparks it did. Critics, indeed, concentrate on *The Tower* and *The Winding Stair* even though they must needs swallow in wry gulps the thought of the *Vision*, a kind of thought which is not hugely different from the early beliefs in Faery which were at one time the stock in trade of the young man.

A lyric poet, of course, does not stand or fall by his beliefs or his philosophy. That is a modern heresy, a cult of impossible integrity. What a poet needs is thought that will enable him to create, to be fluent inside a personal pattern, but yet a thought that seems to be in touch with a greater authority than himself, for we have in spite of ourselves still something left of our primitive belief in priest or Medicineman. Whatever we think about plain speech, if we analyse it closely it is never enough, we want the sword upstairs or the secret altar, the stone mouth of the oracle opening like a strange flower. We want, indeed, what Yeats always sought to give, the feeling that the Gods have somehow got into the room. And any other kind of poetry is just conversation.

So to me, the most interesting side of Mr. Jeffares' biography is not the incidents in Yeats's life, not even the man within the cloak, but the cloak itself and the man's continuous adjustments of it to his time. He stated somewhere himself that he was always aware of his audience, and this is important for it conditioned his manner. It made his speech a public utterance. You did not have to put your ear to the page to hear him. And yet the most powerful portion of his later work has a meditative scheme; one would expect a pondering evasive rhythm, expect now and again a trembling of the air as if Pan piped; but what we get are axioms hammered out of bright metal, a clear and faultless clangour of speech that has no hesitation because for all its picturesque and Georgian in-setting of image it only seems to put before us things we have already been pre-occupied about. Is this failure or achievement? And was Yeats just a figure that ends a phrase, who sums up in himself the best of the Edwardian, Georgian and Fin-de-siècle eras, that is experience we have touched through other writers. Is he the climax of an age rather than the forerunner? I may point out that one is not greater than the other, but poetically it is the forerunner who matters most to those who come after him.

And Yeats has given no hints as to how we may deal with our experience, he but sums up the methods of those who went before him. His personality, indeed, seems larger than his art, so much so that his last poems move along a much too-travelled road, many of them looking like the work of a syndicate. I think, indeed, that while he sought for an altar all his life he ended on a rostrum, though I am quite sure he would have altered rostrum to Boiler as he always altered the penny plain to the picturesquely coloured.

Mr. Jeffares has written a good life and the Poet and Cloak are there in all their dimensions. He has done, what Mr. Hone, perhaps for motives of piety did not touch, he has given us quite an appreciable contact with the actual life-material that went to the making of some of the poems. Sometimes this merely gives a name to an anonymous reference, but it is news to me that certain poems which seemed to come out of some wild fancy are actually related to living people. Some of the Fool songs, indeed, are mere camouflage to cover real situations. And that is interesting.

But he could have enlarged on some things with advantage. For instance a dissertation on Magic as it existed in some circles in the Nineties, in literary

circles, I should say, would have clarified to some extent the poet's predilection for so obviously unpopular a theme for Letters as it became later. And he could have emphasised the relationship with Ezra Pound which altered his literary style and indeed gave him the play, *The Player Queen* in its present form as a comedy. And in his reference to the poem *Leda and the Swan* I cannot find mention of the shortlived periodical in which it first appeared, the Dublin creation *To-morrow* for which Yeats wrote an editorial that shocked the new middle-class, an impish act that seems to balance psychically all the senatorial avoirdupois he had accumulated in Merrion St. Outside those little things, this is a satisfactory book of reference.

ESSAYS ON GOETHE. Edited by William Rose. Cassell. 16s.

Dr. Rose, editor of this collection of essays, says in his Foreword: "To those who study him closely there emerges at least a glimpse of the pattern of mind and being that underlay the phenomenon which was Goethe . . . Compounded as he was of antitheses, he was yet perhaps the most complete human synthesis mankind has ever produced." The studies that follow reveal many of these contrasts and complexities, the range of Goethe's mind; and the critical evaluations, the explorations and the alert appreciation do in fact create a significant pattern.

It is possible only to suggest the excellence of the book. There are admirable essays on Goethe as lyrical poet, as novelist and dramatist, and an examination of *Faust*. The paradoxes in his work, his vitality, 'plastic vision,' fecundity, penetration, his themes and conception of the world, the 'expansion of subjective experience into the field of objective truth': all this is persuasively presented. Goethe's influence in England and America receives comprehensive treatment in a consideration of the reactions of Crabb Robinson, Sir Walter Scott, of Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Lamb, the occasional reluctant admiration of Jeffrey and the equally reluctant exasperation of Carlyle. (He wrote to Jane Welsh: "Goethe is the greatest genius that has lived for a century, and the greatest ass that has lived for three. I could sometimes fall down and worship him; at other times I could kick him out of the room.'). Victorian admirers, the opinions of D. H. Lawrence, of Mr. T. S. Eliot and Mr. Stephen Spender (who has indicated the profound influence of *Faust* on Joyce) are given attention; and, in America, the views of Emerson, Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More and Santayana.

No small part of the interest of these chapters on Goethe's reputation is due to the didactic approach to him so evident till the end of the nineteenth century, and to the distortions and barriers that translations can impose. One is grateful to Professor Zeydel for producing this supreme example of banality. It is from Paul Dyrsen's translation (1878) of *Heidenröslein*.

Saw a boy a rosie bright,
In the heath a rosie.
Clad she was with morning light,
He approached and at her sight
Boy was warm and cozy.

Professor Fairley follows Georg Lukács in emphasizing that Goethe as well as Hegel "was involved in the formulation" of the Marxist dialectic, and argues that "it is only in Marxism to-day that we find the close integration of science

and art on a philosophical plane that we find in Goethe." Whereas, Mr. Humphrey Trevelyan, in considering the ideas "through which Goethe's thought has had the most effect on the thought of men in the last hundred and fifty years," believes that it is not difficult "to trace the ever-widening effects of the dynamic and dangerous elements in Goethe's thought through the Romantic philosophers to Wagner and Nietzsche and so to the Nazis." One then turns back to Professor Peacock who writes: "Goethe cultivated the natural man throughout his life, and since his genius contained a powerful strain of the introspective, his works constitute a dossier for a 'natural history' of his mind and person." The dossier, it seems, like Shakespeare's, is infinitely accommodating and chameleonic.

WILLIAM MORRIS. *Prophet of England's New Order.* By Lloyd Eric Grey. Cassell. 15s.

After a rather laboured start, Mr. Grey has written an account of William Morris that should command general attention. He evidently toyed at first with the idea of a biographical novel; and a few pages of

"It was a long time before the little boy relaxed and softly cried himself to sleep. Only in his dreams could he realize to the full his mental and physical prowess, and ride forth, a noble knight in shining armour, to help right the injustices of the world."

are enough for any taste. Suddenly all this is abandoned—not even to reappear in a death-bed scene—for a straightforward study. The formative influences on Morris as a boy are traced well enough; though it is surely too portentous to read into his childhood verse:

"Indeed, this entire poem (*Fame*) may be considered as a boyhood depiction, however unconscious, of the forces which distinguished the *universalism* of the medieval ages from the *individualism* of the modern: on the one side the desire for asceticism, love of God and love of humanity—on the other, the desire for individual love and fame . . . Or, turning from the past world to the present, he sees modern urban life in a 'ghastly, flaring light.'"

Any intelligent child is attracted by the savour and excitement of magniloquent, but often misunderstood, phrases.

Morris at Oxford, his friends—especially Burne-Jones—his tastes and enthusiasms, his mediaeval point of view, reforming zeal and literary activities: these quicken Mr. Grey's interest and his treatment of them is much happier. He points out what one is inclined to forget, that his "undergraduate writings still comprise the great majority of Morrisiana which appear in most of our standard anthologies, even today"—as later he reminds one that "peacock-blue and sage-green, his pet aversions, became obstinately associated with his name through ignorant imitation and careless repetition of gossip as much as by careless or malicious detraction."

The criticism of the whole of Morris's poetry is sound and discriminating; but, as the sub-title of the book indicates, it is the political and sociological implications of all that Morris said, did, and wrote that have the greater emphasis. Mr. Grey's argument that Morris's late maturity and the fact that he was active in social reform only after attempting literary and artistic reform were part

of his strength, is admirably worked out. He makes one aware of the remarkable synthesis that was the man. The whole riches of the artist and practical worker, of the seer and the reformer, the mediaevalist and the utopian went into his labours. The books he studied, his opinion of his contemporaries—there are able analyses of the differences between the outlook of Morris and those of Carlyle, Matthew Arnold and Ruskin—his travels in Iceland, which was so dear and familiar to the climate of his mind, his writings and lectures and his art: all “led him onward toward an ideal of attempting to repurify a decadent modern civilization.” But the directing force was his vital integrity.

He believed that “all historic progress and decay can be interpreted in terms of the interplay between art and society, artistic causes and effects taking precedence over all others”; and, as for him art “included economics, in so far as conditions governing the life and labour of a people were concerned,” it was inevitable not only that he disagree with the historical materialism of Marx, but that his crusade was so little understood by the socialists whose platform he shared. Socialism meant for him “the realization of a society of fellowship, of mutual aid and co-operation; one in which equality of condition would be guaranteed to all persons by the community will, by the social conscience, and hence by the framework and laws upon which the true society of that distant future should rest.” There is an excellent description of Morris’s public activities, of the rupture with the Social Democratic Federation; and there are sketches of Hyndman, Carpenter, Kropotkin, George Bernard Shaw. The whole of this important section is a comprehensive and well-balanced study—and one, moreover, which is fully documented.

There are three characteristic glimpses: Morris at Glasgow Cathedral seeing an ugly sculptured memorial that cut off part of a stained glass window. “As he glared at it he seemed to crouch like a lion about to leap at its prey, his whiskers bristling out. ‘What the hell is that? Who the hell has done that?’ he shouted, to the amazement, alarm and indignation of the people near by.”; Morris marching at a Socialist demonstration, following Bloody Sunday, “out in front, in the midst of those who bore the red flags, marching as the crusaders must have marched, his face the face of a crusader.” And Morris with his Kelmscott Press, and his rage at the trivial criticisms of his Golden Type books. His vigorous hatred of barbarism in art, and therefore in life, his courageous revolt against social inequality and his creative devotion to art were for him one inevitable gesture. Mr. Grey says:

“No other man in his time—philosopher, artist, economist or historian—had evolved a philosophy of art and of work which was so intrinsically allied with principles governing human progress and with principles that governed the growth and decay of political, ethical and religious concepts and conditions in society.”

That is why he could trace the pattern of the future.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has written that when Morris was told of his approaching end, he said: “Well, I cannot complain: I have had a good time.” Mr. Grey’s book records discerningly not only the voice of a prophet but the life of a man who lived cheerfully, triumphantly and—to use his own words about Iceland—with ‘glorious simplicity.’

MANY OCCASIONS. *Essays Towards the Appreciation of Several Arts.* By W. B. Honey. Faber. 18s.

Mr. Honey believes that to appreciate the arts we must distinguish between *form* and *occasion*. He argues that it is a fallacy to consider visual art "as the representation or illustration of something human or literary or intellectual, and not creative in a particular medium." Its essence "is vitality, a created organic relationship of parts." "A profounder mysticism of the arts would find in each a world of forms, newly and arbitrarily created in terms of their several materials, all existing in their own right, so to speak." Yet, "the greatest work in poetry as in other arts has never been done with a full consciousness of its ultimate aesthetic value. That value comes . . . like a benediction on sincere, passionate and individual effort towards another end."

The first essay, 'Beauty in Art and Nature,' refutes the arguments of the theologian and biologist, and suggests that the patterns, rhythms and harmonies of insects and reptiles, for example, make it "reasonable to suppose, bearing in mind the analogy of human works of art, that the creature made itself out of sheer creative fantasy"—a dubious analogy for no poet, artist or musician has turned himself into a sonnet, a significant line or a fugue. He also considers credible the theory "by which a spirit of each race had worked through the generations, carrying out some design or fancy of the same order as the creation of an artist." But the idea of such a spirit for the animal and mineral world able to create formal relations, and with the conceptions and gestures of an artist seems only an offshoot of the theological position.

In the essay on English Poetry, his emphasis is on "the willing suspension of the rational faculty before . . . the parallel or unwritten poem." This is a way of saying that the response to a work of art is a subjective experience. To argue that the poet is not always the best judge of his own work, is its reinforcement—a poet is usually conscious that, once on paper, the poem retreats from him. The chapter, however, and those that follow on the artist in the modern world, and on the visual arts are well worth reading. Mr. Honey's critical appreciations are those of the discriminating reader, of the connoisseur in the ceramic and other arts. His devotion to the arts and his thesis should prune his judgment of human irrelevancies and leave him free to experience aesthetic emotion before pure form. Here, however, are two of his criticisms:

"Sincerity and an individual accent may no doubt be claimed for some of the numerous poets of the second quarter of the 19th century, for the outpourings of Elizabeth Barrett Browning and the picturesque defiance and shrill heroics of Emily Brontë, but as poetry it is largely derivative, while the bellows of the unspeakable Macaulay are simply not poetry at all."

"In the *Woman and Child* (Henry Moore's carving in green marble) the magnificent polygon of arms and shoulders eloquently encloses and protects the rounded forms within it."

Such opinions are not specific to a consideration of abstract elements and formal relationships—and, so far as Emily Brontë is concerned, are idiosyncratic.

Mr. Honey's book fulfils its purpose as a guide to appreciation; but it is doubtful if man's patiently and elaborately wrought system of references (the

articulation and dynamics of his body, memories, emotions, and so on) does allow a wholly "disinterested contemplation of beauty." And there is something to be said for the fact that the *occasion* is, as well, an integral part of the pearl.

WALTER DE LA MARE. A Study of his Poetry. By Henry Charles Duffin. Sidgwick and Jackson. 8s. 6d.

Mr. Duffin explains why his study is a consideration of de la Mare's poetry only. "His poems are the product of the mystic dream: his stories come out of an impish inquisitiveness, a humorous and unhallowed speculation on the order of the universe"—a judgment that hardly takes account of such a story as *The Return*, for example. To read some of de la Mare's prose is like touching fruit in the dark: elusive yet colliding, strange and familiar.

Mr. Duffin distinguishes a poetry of reality and a poetry of truth, avowing his preference for reality, which he defines as "the world of spirit, the four-dimensional world of which truth is a three-dimensional cross-section and most of life a meaningless caricature." He believes that de la Mare's approach to it is through dream, "the dream of wake or sleep, intuitive understanding, contemplative union with the eternal." Unfortunately, when Mr. Duffin attempts to paraphrase the dreams, one is chiefly conscious of the extravagances of uplift; and many poets would deprecate the strenuous lot assigned to them: "the poet's true business is not to lead us to truth, nor, primarily, even to bring us beauty or joy, but to make us aware and keep us reminded of the unimaginable wonder of life, of the unknown, of reality—the reality which is ultimately God." It follows, however, that Mr. Duffin is rather sorrowful when his friend de la Mare, particularly in latter years, drops to the poetry of truth, that is, from the 'mystical-imaginative' to the 'intellectual-imaginative.' The distinction, as worked out through several poems, seems very much Mr. Duffin's own. Its necessity for him is clear in the section on the formal qualities of de la Mare's poetry. "He lives in a world of beauty, and a harsh word, one feels, would be wrenched from him like an aching tooth." With that offered as high praise, the writer reveals, not so much the texture of the verse, but exactly why he ranges himself on the side of ecstatic emotion.

There are some perceptive things in the book on humour and love in the poems, what de la Mare has in common with Hardy, on his poetry for children; and an intensive study of the subject is obvious. Yet when Mr. Duffin not only recklessly asserts that "Lyric poetry is the voice of God" but writes:

"The mind at work behind de la Mare's poetry has, for its creative qualities, just those which Jesus must have intended to be covered by His phrase: first, simplicity; then, humility, faith and love; clear-eyed wonder; fresh, direct, untroubled vision, unobscured by sin or doubt, free from the long years' accumulation of inhibition and reservation; complete surrender to the light of coming knowledge—delighted acceptance of miracle."

the reader retreats hastily to the appreciative and discriminating but more temperate pages of Forrest Reid, who was so "conscious that it is difficult to praise quite freely the genius of a living writer, at least when that writer is a friend of many years . . ."

THE MIND OF PROUST. A Detailed Interpretation of *A la recherche du temps perdu*. By F. C. Green. Cambridge University Press. 25/-

When Jacques Rivière read *Un Amour de Swann* for the first time he was overwhelmed.

"J'entrais dans un nouveau monde. J'avais la sensation de voir s'ouvrir sur l'amour une porte que jamais personne n'avait remarquée et qui donnait accès sous un ciel sombre et magnifique, peuplé d'une multitude de douloureuses petites étoiles."

And that immediate and violent impression of originality, of amplitude, of glittering detail and melancholy deepened into the conviction that Proust, whose experience of life was deliberately defenceless, who evaded nothing, was 'le génie de la réflexion,' and that "toute la *Recherche du temps perdu* est née du besoin de saisir, de posséder l'insaisissable et de l'éterniser en le ramenant à quelque chose de l'ordre de la vérité." Professor Green in his study shows a like sensitivity to the writer and to his work.

Genius like Proust's alone has the right to demand so much of the reader as—to take one aspect of *A la recherche du temps perdu*—is involved in following the statement, variations and restatement of the theme, jealousy. However delicate, intricate, astonishing or sordid the implications and results of these unceasing, agonizing probings, or flashes of intuition, of Swann or Marcel: robust common-sense is prepared to assert that whether jealousy is this or that, here is no more than a sick craving to nourish oneself in cannibalistic orgies. Professor Green, while not minimising the ugly obsessions, traces so ably the integral part jealousy has in the evolving complex design that it would be an obtuse reader who could not accept his conclusions.

A considerable part of the book is devoted to an examination of how far Proust was influenced by, or reflected, Bergson's philosophy. The latter's psychology of memory and duration, his distinction between the parts played by intuition and intelligence, his theories of 'psychological osmosis,' and of dreams, his interpretation of what constitutes the reality of life, the function of the artist, his conception of art, and so on: these are set out to show how far they shaped, within the natural limits of the novel, Proust's work. It is pointed out, for example:

"When we speak of the unity of design of Proust's masterpiece, the expression can have no meaning unless it is understood that Proust's design corresponds to Bergson's 'schéma dynamique,' the contours of which are perpetually extending with the artist's extending consciousness. In short, the design of *A la recherche du temps perdu* resembles the grand design of life itself viewed as continuous movement and fresh creation."

Professor Green shows too that Proust's own genius was responsible for the closeness with which his thought followed that of Bergson on the nature of great art. Very justly he stresses, however, "that the existence of such affinities must not be interpreted to the disadvantage of Proust, so as to present him, for example, as a writer whose main achievement was to reproduce the philosophy of Bergson in terms of his particular art, the novel. This would be to ignore the fact that Proust is a great and original artist and that every great artist, as Bergson always insisted, employs the intuitive approach to reality."

Marcel is quoted: ". . j'éprouvais la fraîcheur rajeunissante d'une exfoli-

ation." It is one of the impressive features of the book that so much of this sensation is conveyed in the disclosing of layer upon layer of time, the multiplicity of perceptions, the 'ever changing stream of interfused states of consciousness.' In the whole of his commentary, Professor Green keeps clearly before the reader the main theme: the relationship between art and reality; and demonstrates how the Proustian narrative "contrives to transmit the original and delicate quality of the impressions captured by the incredibly sensitive antennae of the author's consciousness. In such moments, the genius of the novelist resembles that of a great poet." He traces the extraordinary subtlety and penetration with which Proust presents Marcel's adolescent mind and its evolution; and his growth as a conscious artist from the youthful occasional remorse of: "Je vis les arbres s'éloigner en agitant leurs bras désespérés, semblant me dire: 'ce que tu n'apprends pas de nous aujourd'hui, tu ne le sauras jamais'" to the day when for him: "Une heure n'est pas qu'une heure, c'est un vase rempli de parfums, de sons, de projets et de climats." Proust's life-history of the artist, Marcel, is marked by perfect fidelity: it moves for a time between the polarities of a chosen detachment and the suffering awareness of life as a pulsating relationship between two subjects. A synthesis is achieved, in part unconsciously, and the artist's subsequent activity is the spinning of a vast interior web from his own substance—a web powerful enough to entrap life itself.

It is impossible here to do justice to the comparison of Proust's methods with those of, for example, Racine, Prévost, Stendhal, Balzac and Flaubert. Marcel, Professor Green says, "has abandoned the *route rationnelle* of tradition for the more arduous but more exciting *via Proustiana*, stretches of which run parallel, yet never quite merge with the old route. You can follow his course if you look back, for it is traced in the spiralling narrative devised by Proust to portray the fluid swirling movement of life as expressed in terms of real and not conventional Time, a narrative reflecting also the perpetual *chassé-croisé* of Marcel's conscious and sub-conscious memories." Nor can one do more than mention his emphasis on Proust's exquisite perception of nature, on his 'huge fresco of Parisian social *mœurs*,' his 'intricate embroidery of glosses and annotations,' on his 'multilateral approach' to his characters, his recomposition of his childhood, his aesthetic creed and originality, the distinction made between affective memories and the reconstructions of the intelligence, his 'philosophy of remorse,' his style.

Professor Green makes use more than once of the likeness of Proust's spectacle to a ballet of memory-images. It is a perceptive analogy for the whole work is evocative, fluid, with arresting rhythms, and gestures and poses perfectly timed, where no entrance or exit is without significance to the pattern. And in addition, as this notable contribution to the study of French literature indicates, *A la recherche du temps perdu* is 'l'histoire d'une vocation,' the evidence of Proust's achievement: 'L'art recompose exactement la vie.'

A LIFE OF JOHN KEATS. Revised and Enlarged Edition. By Dorothy Hewlett. Hurst and Blackett. 25/-

The first edition of this work appeared eleven years ago under the title of *Adonais*. It was much praised by distinguished critics for its balance, lucidity, scrupulous accuracy and vivid account of Keats and his circle. The present edition incorporates some interesting new material: "an unpublished portrait of Keats; information about the long-lost death mask, with a photograph; extracts

direct from the diaries of the painter, Haydon . . . the full text of one of the 'Amena' letters to his brother, Tom, that so aroused Keats' anger . . . some unravelling of the Keats family's tangled financial affairs; and many other small but precious items of Keatsiana."

A Life of John Keats is not only an admirable biography that makes judicious use of the poet's letters and other contemporary documents; but in addition it serves as a sound general introduction to Keats' poetry for the reader acquainted with little but anthology pieces.

RILKE. *Man and Poet*. By Nora Wydenbruck. John Lehmann. 18/-

Nora Wydenbruck introduces her study of Rilke's life and work with the observation that there are two ways of writing a biography—the hagiographical and the critical-analytical. Perhaps it was inevitable that, with all the will in the world to be objective, she should have followed the hagiographical method since she had found the man Rilke to be lovable and had found in his work the absorbing and rewarding study of a lifetime. Thus, Rilke being 'a great poet' who waited and worked patiently, sometimes despairing of utterance, yet always refusing the release of utterance unless it was of "the thing that was needful," criticism of his work becomes mere exposition of the revealed word, and the late reward—the *Sonnets to Orpheus* and the *Elegies*—requires no measurement against either the standard of his own earlier work or the achievement of other poets. And, Rilke being a lovable human being, his "monstrous selfishness" becomes no more than the measure of his unequalled sensitiveness, and all who failed to meet his impossible demands become guilty of impositions upon his innocence and of a sin—the sin of incomprehension—against his genius. Yet appreciation, where the subject is noble, may often be the finest form of criticism and the author's honest, intelligent and often subtle, appreciation of Rilke's spirit and Rilke's work gives to this study a singular vitality and unity.

The book suffers from a duality of purpose. It is intended, not only as a study of Rilke, but as a pious monument to Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis-Hohenlohe, and a vindication of her claim to be the paramount influence of his life. Throughout the absorbing first book we are frequently reminded that all is but the prelude to the great transforming events, his meeting with the Princess and his first visit to her home (one of her homes) Duino, of the *Elegies*. But, when it comes, this crisis is disappointing. It is prefaced by an account of the origins and infancy of the Princess such as might grace the pages of an Edwardian home journal for refined ladies—a tedious and unwelcome interruption to the real story of the ceaseless journeyings of Rilke's mind and body. The Princess, when she is allowed to speak for herself, or even when the despised Benvenuta speaks for her, appears as a kindly, wise, almost motherly friend and counsellor—all, indeed, that her biographer claims for her. But the sensitive, impartial reader is almost compelled to suspect and mistrust her motives and the value of her influence upon the poet by the very insistence of the author's demands for admiration, the repeatedly pointed contrast between her beneficent effect and the failure of some of the many women in whom Rilke sought his "sister soul." The Princess had one great advantage—she was born twenty years before Rilke, which the others were not, and she herself knew that the "failure" of Benvenuta and others was not through lack of character and intelligence but because they were not "the submissive supine creatures he possibly needed." As

it is, we learn that when the Princess "took" him anywhere it was good for him, but if Benvenuta "made him go" to concerts the exhaustion brought by a "surfeit" of music was disastrous; the agitation and tension he felt at the Princess's seances was, at worst, harmless and his silence at a chattering dinner party betokened no distress, but when Benvenuta set him telling stories to a delighted child in a railway carriage we are asked to agonize over the sufferings of the great soul she thus insulted. There is a complete lack of sympathy with Rilke's wife, Clara Westhoff; and a kind of female savagery enters into the treatment of Benvenuta (Magda von Hattinberg), Lou Andreas, Ellen Key, and others whose share of Rilke might challenge the Princess's. Only in dealing with such as Marthe or the child Elya is generosity felt to be safe.

But all this is no more than incidental to the real theme, and no writer will read this book without a fascinated interest. The arrival and experience of each violent crisis of creation (or 'reception'); the sustained labour of *Malte*, its profound effect, as of almost physical dismemberment, upon Rilke; the recognition and survival of significant images; the persistent patient preparedness through the despairs and doubts of years of silence; the amazing productivity when dictation came, culminating in the almost unparalleled effort of creation which produced the *Sonnets* and completed the *Elegies* in less than twenty days—these, and the repeated attempts to assume normal human responsibilities, the unlimited capacity to acquiesce coupled with the equally unlimited capacity to withdraw, the personal humility and the proud, patient, enduring conviction of genius—these combine to make an enthralling portrait of the man who could say of his work: "In it I am a power and a glory but outside it not even a negligible force. . . ."

Not much new material was available for this study, and Rilke's letters to the author are, for the most part, unimportant; but though it will not replace E. M. Butler's *Rainer Maria Rilke* it should be read as a compliment to it by all who wish to come to an understanding of Rilke and his work.

W. P. M.

THE OLD KNIGHT. By Herbert Palmer. Dent. 7/6.

AFTER THE BOMBING. By Edmund Blunden. MacMillan. 6/-

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF EDWARD THOMAS. Faber & Faber. 8/6.

THE CANTICLE OF THE ROSE. Selected Poems by Edith Sitwell. MacMillan 15/-

FIFTY YEARS OF MODERN VERSE. Chosen by John Gawsworth. Richards Press. 6/-

In his preface to *A Sword In The Desert*, published in 1946, Herbert Palmer wrote that it was likely to be his last book of poems. It contained some satirical and denunciatory verse as vigorous as anything he had written in earlier years. As its title suggests his new book, *The Old Knight*, is quieter and more serene. The poems are to be read as a sequence on the theme that has inspired all his work—the war between good and evil, truth and deceit, light and darkness. The old apocalyptic fervour fires him still but the conflict which drove him solitary and sometimes strident to Ishmael's desert as often as to the crusades, calls up less readily now the small defiant fist against a world that alternately persecutes and neglects its saints. Sin is still the enemy—sin against God and against good

versification—but there is a more patient endurance of the personal hardships of the campaign—

Strange loneliness has been my lot,
Deep in my heart resentment's stone.
Something of wrong must be forgot,
For all are wronged who walk alone.

Not yet has his helmet made a hive for bees, nor ever will, and his God is still a jealous God—

But patience! Sin must have her say
That Heaven may sever black from white.
The Dawn that struggles into Day
Sprints oft-times from the darkest Night.

Conflict, the essence of Herbert Palmer's work, is almost absent from Edmund Blunden's *After The Bombing*. The prevailing mood and theme are inherent in the title poem, which celebrates the presence of "a breezy wilderness of bloom" in the space occupied by "a grey enormous stack of shops and offices" before the bombs happily liquidated them. The moral is pointed with a quiet delicacy and the book is an invitation to share the sanity of a post-war world where nature imperturbably observes her wonted seasons and where Hammond (England) delights us with his mastery in "our most beautiful and subtle game."

Not to have seen Hammond in such an hour
Is not to know the stature of true sport.

And is it then a proof of the insanity of our times that the healthy simplicity of these poems is a little irritating and that many might prefer a more crabbed diction and a less serene acceptance of blessings? Has conscience become so priggish as to count the enjoyment of cricket and the countryside a sin and is the awareness of inherited social evil so strong in us that we cannot, without conviction of guilt, accept the simple pleasures of sense when they are offered to us?

The new edition of Edward Thomas's collected poems is pleasantly produced in a larger format. Like Edmund Blunden, Thomas is chiefly a poet of the English countryside, but a poet of a very different kind. Even when he seems to do no more than describe the thing seen there is a brooding intensity, an intimacy which Alun Lewis suggested in a poem which he wrote not long before his death in the second world war, in memory of Thomas who perished in the first:

. . . . your striving
To make articulate the groping voices
Of snow and rain and dripping branches,
And love that ailing in itself cried out
About the straggling eaves and ringed the candle
With shadows slouching round your buried head.

Thomas made no Wordsworthian adoption of nature as interpreter of moods or symbol of existences other than its own. The sensible world was to him "lovelier than any mysteries," but so passionate, intense and knowledgeable was his love that in his verse the very soul of nature, no image of a human soul, seems to express itself.

The Canticle of The Rose contains a large proportion of Miss Sitwell's published poems from 1920 to 1947. Here one can trace in a single volume the

journey of this most remarkable poet from the early fantastic garden of remembered childhood, enclosed, quaint, oddly ironic in its comment on the adult world. *Gold Coast Customs* discovered the reality of evil and presented the horror of possible decay by utter emptiness with point and passion but not without obligations to *The Waste Land* and *The Hollow Men*. In her later work, under compulsion of the tremendous theme of contemporary history, she has left behind her the subtle and precise dream-fantasy of her youth and, moving amid vast images of chaos and retribution, she expresses through a symbolism no longer to be refused or questioned her vision of sin as the lust for power, and of salvation through the victorious return of the apocalyptic Christ.

The publishers have done well to issue a reprint of Mr. Gawsworth's agreeable anthology, *Fifty Years of Modern Verse*. Originally intended as a kind of supplement to *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse* the collection is remarkable among English anthologies for the high percentage it includes of work by Irish writers. Austin Clarke, a notable absentee from Yeats's selection, is absent from Mr. Gawsworth's also.

W. P. M.

SELECTED POEMS OF EZRA POUND. Edited by T. S. Eliot. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

THE PISAN CANTOS. By Ezra Pound. Faber & Faber. 12 s. 6d.

Messrs. Faber and Faber have re-issued the Selection of Ezra Pound's poetry made by T. S. Eliot and first published in 1928. The original introduction is repeated with a brief postscript in which Eliot explains that "the contemporary of the author of the later *Cantos* cannot alter the introduction written when he was a contemporary of the author of *Lustra* and *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*," The *Cantos* are difficult poetry and the *Pisan Cantos* published last year do not add to the lucidity of the whole sequence. The earlier *Cantos*, written in what has been called Pound's *Hellenistic* period were his interpretation of the world as he found it and some were simple enough and many beautiful. Later *Cantos* became didactic, solutions were suggested in them, Pound's classical and aristocratic sense of order demanded order in Society. The latest to appear are apparently some attempt to synthesise the subjects and experiences of the earlier in the person of Pound himself, to convey his 'personal tragedy' in relation to the world he found and the world his soul desired—a completely subjective work. This edition of the *Selected Poems* has probably been issued because of new attention to the *Cantos*. No poet of continuous development can be understood in his later phases unless his earlier work is understood, and the later work must be known if the earlier is to be appreciated fully. And so the *Selected Poems* is intended to fulfil a double function as an introduction to the *Cantos* and a reward for struggling with their difficulties. But one who, quite frankly, cannot pretend to understand the *Cantos*, will prefer to take the *Selected Poems* as themselves, without worrying too much about discovering a continuous or developing philosophy or attitude; content at times to see in Pound a chameleon of bewildering and lovely variations, a plant prolific in 'sports,' and at times an intelligence clear and harsh. 'Integrity' has been his watchword, but an integrity so open-eyed as his, with such a field of literary as well as actual experiences in constant view must of necessity express itself in many forms. But it exists, viable amidst the influences of Yeats and Browning, behind the voice of Dowson and in the incarnations of Italian and Provençal poets. In the midst of capriciousness and

mere cleverness it remains watchful and imposes suddenly a hard, wise comment or a sharp explosion of passion. There is variety enough for many unprejudiced minds in the *Selected Poems* but for some readers Pound will always appear most himself, and most near to life, not in the excellent epigrams, nor yet in, say, *Mr. Styra*, but in chaste and delicate imagist pieces, in re-creations of mood, the sudden perfect English lyric line, in the Chinese translations or in some pieces condemned as "antiquarian"; not in

At sixteen she was a potential celebrity
With a distaste for caresses

but in

The light became her grace and dwelt among
Blind eyes and shadows that are formed as men;
Lo, how the light doth melt us into song

Since this note on the *Selected Poems* was written an English edition of *The Pisan Cantos* has been published. More patient readings have added not very much to the understanding derived from a brief perusal of the American Edition. The dust jacket declares that "to those who have read the previous cantos, this sequence will present little difficulty" and it is true that references to persons and experiences are here recognisably repeated and that Pound expresses the same reactions of pleasure or disgust to the same stimuli. All that is changed is his own hope of change. Much of the writing is confused, much of it reconditely allusive, much of it so personal that it means nothing without the key of intimate biography and all is fragmentary. But as always there are fine passages and not all the tricks of orthography and abbreviations-cum-elongations of phrase can destroy the impression of some kind of greatness kicking not unnobly against the pricks.

W. P. M.

THE FACE AND MIND OF IRELAND. By Arland Ussher. Victor Gollancz. 9/6 net.

Mr. Ussher, in introducing his book, makes the somewhat unwarranted assumption that his readers will include the unsmiling sort of Gael and the more solid sort of Anglo-Saxon, and he suggests to the one to avoid the first part and to the other to skip the second. I am reminded of a little book I read years ago in which the author divided the population into 'bromides' and 'sulphites.' The former, as can be gathered from the label, referred to the livelier and the latter to the more prosaic of our fellow-men. Among the characteristics ascribed to these two groups was one which made every 'bromide' consider himself a 'sulphite' and vice-versa. No Gael ever sees himself as unsmiling nor would an Anglo-Saxon suspect himself of solider flesh than his neighbour. They would of course not go so far as to consider that the one had the characteristics of the other. What is more certain is that the Gael believes he understands the Gall (which, according to Father Dineen, means an Englishman as well as a foreigner) as much as the Gall believes he understands the Gael. They may both be wrong and it is on the realisation of this misunderstanding, the one of the other, that this work derives not only its importance but its wit.

It is because the author, as he indeed realises, combines in himself chromosomes that stem from English as well as Irish ancestry, because he knows the literature and languages of both peoples that he can compose the differences. He does so at one time by an acute observation and at another by an epigram and

sometimes succeeds (a rare feat as readers of Whistler and Wilde know) in stating an illuminating truth in a concentrated aphorism:

"The Irishman is something of a puritan and he should stop abusing Oliver Cromwell."

"All action, but especially political action, belongs largely to the irrational part of our life, and if men were entirely reasonable there would be no history."

"Before 1916, Ireland was regarded as a mad country in a civilised world; to-day she may be considered a relatively healthy and hopeful country in an increasingly mad world. . . ."

The most solemn Gael should surely not be asked to skip these mild admonitions and they are fair sample of the fare which Mr. Ussher suggests will offend him.

"A real king, sceptered and gartered, would seem to the Irishman ridiculous—a sort of glorified Dublin Lord Mayor. Most of all your Irishman likes his kings dead; the only Irish pomps are *pompes funèbres*."

"The Irish of course like their Irish (the language) but they like it *dead*, and as far as possible useless and unused."

These quotations are from the second part, guaranteed to annoy the Gall. Surely, only the thin-skinned of both nations might be expected to react unfavourably.

The Face and Mind of Ireland, apart from being the most quotable of books, is tantalising in its often contradictory estimates of individual characters. De Valera appears as both saint and sinner; Arthur Griffith is amazingly described as a ranter with however enough nobleness to make him an inspiration for ordinary men. Despite this tendency to paradox, it is probably the first book on Ireland written without bias by one who has wisdom as well as wit, sincerity as well as style and a Swiftian courage. Mr. Ussher has, in the end, more of Puck than of Pooka and his playfulness will endear him to all interested enough in Ireland to read his book.

A. J. L.

CHILDREN'S GAMES. By Leslie Daiken. Batsford. 18/-

The formidable list of authorities which precedes Mr. Daiken's rich account of the origins, history and variations of children's games in all parts of the world is by itself an indication of the scope of his researches. His own original contribution to the literature of his subject lies chiefly in the immense amount of information he has collected in Ireland, noting down countless local variations to supplement the information gathered by such earlier investigators as Alice B. Gomme. He has brought an admirable vigour and enthusiasm to his work—the often interrupted labour of years—and, for all its scholarship, the chief characteristics of his book are liveliness, speed and a living echo of the airy, objectless gaiety of the games themselves. The book was out in time for Christmas and many a despairing shopper must have seized upon it with relief and delight. From the opening paragraph, under *January*—"This month calls for games that keep you warm; games of running about and rough-and-tumbles"—one reads on, fascinated by the mixture of serious research into origins, often found far back

in primitive cults; rhymes and jingles, often preserving through countless changes something of their first inspiration; explanations, historical, philological and psychological, of phrase and action. Moreover, almost every page brings some new illustration to charm the eye—reproductions of eighteenth century prints and paintings, delightful line drawings of the nineteenth century, pictures from old manuscripts and modern photographs. Among the enduring pleasures of life is the sight of children playing and Mr. Daiken, in communicating his own pleasure, will refresh a host of readers with memories and with a new appreciation of what mystery and observance of age-old customs are embodied even in the humble lines of chalk upon the pavement playgrounds of our serious world. That his own pleasure is more than mere delight of eye and ear is obvious here, as it was in those sketches, lively, amusing and sometimes strangely pathetic, which were first printed in this Magazine some eight or ten years ago.

W. P. M.

THE COMING OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR. By Nicholas Mansergh. Longmans. 15s. net.

Professor Mansergh has written a careful analysis of European history from 1878 to 1914, tracing the political and diplomatic movements which led to the first World War. Germany's increasing isolation on the Continent and her consequent desire to maintain her alliance with Austria was, it is clear, one motive that made her ready to give Austria unlimited support. Dr. Mansergh shows that the psychology of the German statesmen was grievously at fault. France could never forget Alsace-Lorraine, Britain could not be reconciled while Germany went on building a stronger navy and Russia was also alienated. All this was poor statesmanship.

Prince von Bulow, who had superseded Bismarck as Chancellor, intervened with dramatic effect in 1905—when Germany landed troops at Tangiers—and brought about the downfall of Delcassé, the French Foreign Minister. Yet Germany failed in her main aim which was to wreck the Anglo-French Entente. As later—during the *Agadir* crisis—Germany's strong arm methods only succeeded in welding her enemies more closely together and so produced precisely the opposite effect from that intended.

Reading this book, written with such evident scholarship, one cannot help feeling that the diplomats of the pre-1914 era had a very inflated idea of their own importance. Here and there the author seems to share this view. Their despatches and their cynical comments—in which they debunked each other—all reveal that they thought they were guiding the destinies of Europe. But Europe remained unguided and crashed when the time came. Typical of the vanity of these diplomats are the words of Isvolski—the Russian ambassador in Paris—when the 1914 war came. "This is *my* war, my war!" he cried. For him it was an opportunity to pay off scores with the Austrian Minister. All through the book, so carefully documented, we can read similar foolish outbursts by those who imagined they were directing events.

The golden age for the diplomat was in those years of comparative peace and stability when it was easy for them to assume that the peace of Europe and the balance of power depended upon a few minutes conversation in the various

Chancelleries. All they had to do was to climb on the back of the elephant. Another kind of "golden age" existed in Turkey:—

"In Constantinople the old diplomacy flourished as nowhere else in the world. If an ambassador wanted to know the contents of a note addressed to the Turkish Government by some other Power, all he had to do was to send his chief dragoman down to the Sublime Porte, where, by the aid of a small *douceur*, he got hold of a bag containing the document. Lord Hardinge tells how in the nineties all the officials of the Sublime Porte received bribes and the Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs received a salary of £1,500 a year from the British Embassy as well as from those of other Powers. In this way he was compensated for the fact that he received practically no salary from his own government."

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that just as Britain gradually dropped her attitude of isolation and indifference to Continental matters with the growing strength of Germany so, today, the United States has buried her traditional "isolation" policy because of the prevalence of power politics in the world. This study of Europe with all those fermenting antagonisms that burst into conflict in 1914 is not only a lesson but a warning.

R. M. Fox.

MONGOLIAN JOURNEY. By Henning Haslund. Routledge & Kegan Paul, Ltd. 18s.

The author of those remarkable travel-books: *Tents in Mongolia*, and *Men and Gods in Mongolia* has here set down some of his memories of the Asia he explored over a period of many years. The essays form a polychromatic pattern of Mongolian legends, of landscapes with tracks that lead back to Marco Polo, Tamerlane, Jenghiz Khan and Alexander the Great, of lonely camps and scattered tribes, devil dancers and fire-worshippers and steppe poetry, of an encounter such as this in an old pavilion in Peking:

"I found Princess Shou Shan Yü in a hall whose dilapidation only enhanced its beauty. Everywhere, in niches and on shelves, stood porcelain, the shape and colour of which harmonized beautifully with the old coloured wood of the carved wall panels

"Twilight had fallen in the little Peking pavilion; a servant came in carrying lights and a large bronze chafing dish, which he placed between us. And with the new light and its countless reflections the atmosphere of the room changed.

"The princess sat bowed over the chafing dish; its embers threw soft colours on the silken folds of her dress. Her black eyes were bright with eagerness, and her questions came slowly and dreamily as though across a nomad's camp fire"

That Manchurian princess was the last maid of honour of the old Empress Dowager.

Henning Haslund has not only lived in Central Asia: its nomads were his chosen and trusted companions; he loves its deserts and "the unforgettable hours in which one feels oneself an inseparable part of almighty Nature, the seconds in which one is allowed one sudden swift glimpse of truths till then unsuspected, uncomprehended." The oasis he once reached after three months' journey through Taklamakan, and which he describes with the fervour of a

man who has known extremes of heat and thirst, might have shaped his witty, imaginative book with its theme of beauty, strangeness and freedom for the refreshment of a utilitarian world.

Mongolian Journey has been enchantingly illustrated by the Mongolian artist, Lodai, and has also reproductions of old Chinese woodcuts and photographs.

THE ODES OF PINDAR. Translated by Richmond Lattimore. Publishers—United States of America: University of Chicago Press. Great Britain and Ireland: Cambridge University Press. Price 15s.

This very fine translation is in free verse and 'while the actual metres do not exactly reproduce the Greek, they suggest Pindar's own effects of tempo and stress,' making it possible, in conjunction with the introduction explaining the structure of these victory odes, and the notes and glossary, for the general reader to appreciate Pindar's genius.

His world of glory and violence, of gods in goldstorms and of darkness, has for constant element his passionate love of music:

For you, the fair-spoken lyre
and the delicate flute drench you in beauty.

And if Timokritos, your father, still went warm
in the sun's blaze, over and again with intricacy
of lyre playing, leaning upon this melody,

Then there are the lovely similes, and such lines as:

Also his heart, that is gentle
in the mixing of friends,
passes for sweetness the riddled work of the bees.

Lightly will I make garlands. Strike up now. For you the Muse
binds gold upon white ivory with
the lily growth, raised dripping from the sea.
a wine goblet cut in shuddering gold.

In quest of the fleeting delight
I walk softly into old age and the period
of doom.

One turns marvelling from the prophetic:

But hate, even then, was there with its pretexts.

It walks companion of beguiling words; it is sly and a spite
that makes evil;

it violates the beautiful and brilliant
to lift up out of things obscure a glory rotten at the heart,

to the serene picture:

But with nights equal forever,
with sun equal in their days, the good men
have life without labour, disquieting not the earth in strength
of hand,
never the sea's water
for emptiness of living. Beside the high gods

they who had joy in keeping faith lead a life
without tears. The rest look on a blank face of evil.

But they who endure thrice over
in the world beyond to keep their souls from all sin
have gone God's way to the tower of Kronos; there
winds sweep from the Ocean
across the Island of the Blessed. Gold flowers to flame
on land in the glory of trees; it is fed in the water,
whence they bind bracelets to their arms and go chapleted

To quote thus has seemed the swiftest way of conveying the great excellence
of this translation. And here to end are these self-revealing lines:

I am barred from telling these things by the song's rule
and time insistent upon me,
yet I am dragged by a new-moon magic to lay my hands thereon.

For all poets, there speaks a supreme and yet kindred spirit.

NINETEENTH CENTURY DRAWINGS 1850-1900. By Graham Reynolds. Pleiades
Books, Ltd. 30/-

Mr. Graham Reynolds suggests that his choice of drawings for discussion and reproduction "gives a coherent and truthful impression of a period which though it is still near our own times may already be viewed with some approach to historical perspective. It is manifest that though the primacy of the French school cannot be disputed, great and vital drawings were produced in England and Germany in this half-century." To appreciate how just a description this is of his achievement, one need do no more than remember some of the names of the period: Millet, Renoir, Degas, Cézanne, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Rodin; or the Pre-Raphaelites, Beardsley, Sargent; or Menzel, Böcklin, Marées. It is true that, as is pointed out in the introduction, an anthology devoted to the drawings rather than to the paintings of the period can exhibit "the continuity and comparative homogeneity of the Western European tradition" partly because design had not yet suffered the 'disruptive analysis' of the palette; but only an expert as impressively equipped as Mr. Reynolds could provide the brilliant commentary on the art of the latter part of the nineteenth century, and in fifty pages define its rich development.

OPERA COMIQUE. By Martin Cooper.

THE ORCHESTRA. By Adam Carse. With an Introduction by Sir Adrain Boulton.
THE PROMS. By Thomas Russell. Nos. 7, 8 & 9 in the series "The World of
Music." Max Parrish. 7/6 each.

Mr. Cooper has written an impressive study of the Opéra Comique. Only a profound knowledge of the subject could have presented so engagingly, with so much ease, clarity and sympathy, its history from disreputable popular origins in the flamboyant coarseness of the Parisian fairs of the Middle Ages. The influence of the French court with its Italian troupes, the hostility of the Comédie Française and the Opéra to the fair-players helped to shape the growth of an entertainment essentially French; and the old repertory figures and conventions

were enlivened and finally jostled off the stage by more realistic types that, however sentimentalised, were for their audience piquantly topical. The improvement in literary quality, the greater sophistication and variety of texture of the music, the contemporary flavour, made it an increasingly lively art-form. Mr. Cooper gives an excellently balanced account of the composers who were attracted to it. In the nineteenth century, "the growing wave of romanticism . . . flooded both opera and opéra comique and washed away landmark after landmark which had separated the one from the other." But it was Offenbach, creator of the operetta, who demonstrated that the opéra comique was dead; and it was Saint-Saëns who made the courteous admission: "'Operetta is a daughter of the opéra comique, a daughter who went to the bad. Not,' he added, 'that daughters who go to the bad are always lacking in charm.'"

The essay on the history and composition of the orchestra by Mr. Carse is an admirable piece of work. He traces its growth from the first indications in the later Middle Ages of a distinction between instrumental and vocal style, and of some instrumental organisation in the seventeenth century. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were accustomed to the small grouping of allied instruments, not the experimenting with mixed tone-colours; and it was the group of bowed string instruments that "by the end of the seventeenth century had consolidated its position as the fundamental basis of the orchestra so firmly that its status has remained to this day unchallenged and its constitution unchanged." There is an account of the keyboard or chordal instrument that for a time "served as the nerve-centre of the orchestra," of the wind instruments that attached themselves to the stringed, the increasing range and subtlety of colour, the grouping and balance of the orchestra, and of the functions of the *Kapellmeister*, *Concertmeister*, *batteur de mesure* leading to that of the interpreter-conductor whose knowledge is "expected to cover the whole range of instrumental music from Monteverdi to the latest mid-European experimenter in tone-rows." The book includes equally illuminating chapters on the various instruments, on soloists and on the modern orchestral player, on the technical efficiency now demanded from the full orchestra—an orchestra that "shrinks from nothing, and is just as ready to hurt as to please the aural senses of its listeners."

Mr. Russell, from his wide and practical experience of orchestras and enthusiasm for his subject, has presented with lucid and skilful compression the history of the Proms, the personalities of Sir Henry Wood and Robert Newman, their many and constant difficulties and remarkable achievements, and an account of their successors. His aim has been to trace the growth of and explain the Prom tradition, so that, instead of some tendencies in policy that he deplores, "the concerts can again become what they once were—the greatest educative force in symphonic music the world has ever seen."

All three books are delightfully and profusely illustrated.

ESSAY ON THE TRUE ART OF PLAYING KEYBOARD INSTRUMENTS. By Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach. Translated and Edited by William J. Mitchell. Cassell. 30s.

Dr. Burney's famous description of his visit to Emanuel Bach is a curiously exact rendering of the qualities that make the *Versuch über die wahre Art das Klavier zu spielen* what it is.

" . . . M. Bach was so obliging as to sit down to his Silbermann clavichord, and favourite instrument, upon which he played three or four of his choicest and most difficult compositions, with the delicacy, precision, and spirit for which he is so justly celebrated among his countrymen. In the pathetic and slow movements, whenever he had a long note to express, he absolutely contrived to produce from his instrument a cry of sorrow and complaint such as can only be effected upon the clavichord, and perhaps by himself. After dinner, which was elegantly served and cheerfully eaten, I prevailed upon him again to sit down to a clavichord, and he played with little intermission till near eleven o'clock at night. During that time, he grew so animated and possessed that he not only played but looked like one inspired."

The enthusiasm, the exquisite skill and subtlety, the emphasis on sensitive interpretation and reverence for his art are manifest in every chapter of the Essay that was so profoundly admired by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Clementi and Czerny.

The present edition of the book is the first complete translation in English; and the musical examples are all incorporated in the text. The translator, Professor Mitchell, has very finely edited the work; and his introduction is scholarly and rewarding. After sketching the background of the Essay, he gives an illuminating commentary on its contents that "run from the finest and subtlest topics to the broadest and most basic." Professor Mitchell quotes Mozart's impetuous statement: "He is the father, we are the children. Those of us who do nothing right, learned it from him. Whoever does not own to this is a scoundrel . . . We can no longer do as he did; but the way in which he did it places him beyond all others." Musicians in general will hardly quarrel with the tribute.

ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY. Volume One. Chaucer's England and The Early Tudors. By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. 18/-

In his introduction to the original complete edition of his famous *English Social History*, and which is included in this illustrated edition, Dr. Trevelyan wrote: "To weigh the stars, or to make ships sail in the air or below the sea, is not a more astonishing and ennobling performance on the part of the human race in these latter days, than to know the course of events that had been long forgotten, and the true nature of men and women who were here before us." That is the dominant note in all his work.

The illustrations to the first volume of the new edition, colour and gravure plates and those in the text, have been drawn where possible from English sources and include reproductions of miniatures from the finest manuscripts, tapestries, wall-paintings, maps and portraits. There are also photographs and engravings of mediaeval buildings. They have all been chosen with authority and taste and have excellent descriptive notes. The eloquent text and the illustrations do for the common reader what the Master of Trinity said that dusty records did for historians: make grey-mailed ghosts "take form, colour, gesture, passion, thought."

IRELAND FROM THE FLIGHT OF THE EARLS TO GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT (1607-1786).
Compiled by James Carty. Fallon. 8/6.

This is the first of three books by Mr. Carty, composed of extracts from contemporary narratives and records, with portraits, maps and plans, and illustrations, planned to give a background to Irish history from The Flight of the Earls to the Treaty of 1921. It is an admirable compilation which will be of the greatest assistance to students and to readers of history proper.

The publishers claim that this is the first time this documentary method has been used to illuminate Irish history, but this is an error. Dr. Constantia Maxwell's excellent book, *Irish History from Contemporary Sources*, (1509-1610), was the pioneer work of this description, and, as it happens, its scope exactly precedes Mr. Carty's. Curtis & McDowell's *Irish Historical Documents* (1172-1922) is also relevant, as is Gilbert's *Historical and Municipal Documents*, 1172-1320.

The above was in type when the second volume of Mr. Carty's compilation was published—*Ireland From Grattan's Parliament to the Great Famine*. It is fully up to the standard of the first volume.

P. S. O'H.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF JOHN CONSTABLE. By C. R. Leslie. With an Introduction by Benedict Nicolson. The Chiltern Library. John Lehmann. 8s. 6d.

In his excellent introduction to the present edition of these Memoirs of Constable, Mr. Benedict Nicolson writes of Leslie "combining like a true American stern moral principles with sopiness." He was the modest friend of Constable's later life, as tender to the man as he was reverent to the artist. Starting on his memoirs, "unconsciously he tends to build up his hero into a god-like version of himself, to make him too much of a family man, almost too gentle, almost too respectable; and although every word rings with the clear note of truth, we have to search elsewhere, in other memoirs of the period, in letters that have waited a century for the light, if we are to drag Constable down to the earth where he belongs." Yet, if Leslie composed his portrait with a certain guile and a placid unawareness that a later generation might question the sense of propriety that allowed only a little of Constable's bitterness, the worst side of his provincialism and caustic observations to creep in, it is obvious that his care was to present greatness as he knew it: the artist whose work was "painted for a *very particular* person—the person for whom I have all my life painted," who said: "I never saw an ugly thing in my life," the Constable who, when Blake exclaimed over one of his drawings: "Why, this is not drawing, but *inspiration*," replied, "I never knew it before; I meant it for drawing."

It is Mr. Nicholson's belief that "... we shall never succeed in writing so noble a life of Constable again. Leslie may not possess our panoramic vision, but out of the little that he had, he fashioned a work of art, that captures us and raises us up, like Constable's own pictures on to a higher level of living. We think we know better, but he leaves us wiser." Some will dispute the estimate both of Constable and of Leslie, but even they will agree that this was a book eminently worth re-printing.

TRAVELS AMONGST THE GREAT ANDES. By Edward Whymper. Edited with an Introduction by F. S. Smythe. The Chiltern Library. John Lehmann. 8s. 6d.

F. S. Smythe in his perceptive introductory essay to this reprint of Whymper's *Travels* refers to his Alpine climbs and notes that while 'it was not in him to feel the beauty of the mountains,' yet in *Scrambles Amongst the Alps*, it is the Matterhorn that 'dominates the text and it dominates Whymper and his prose.' By the time he came to write the account of his expedition to Ecuador during 1879-80, the temper of the man had changed. 'He had become intolerant of others whose ideas did not conform with his and he had no time for the ignorant or for fools. He treated his guides harshly and was unapproachable to them except as an employer. He had become a man of a hard unyielding character and the milk of human kindness seemed to have dried up within him.' As a traveller, explorer and scientist he could not but write an enthralling book, however; and the major passion for adventure, the implacable objectivity that makes his descriptions almost tangible, are again responsible for the mountains controlling its pages. To close it gives the sensation of turning away from an acute physical experience of volcanoes, snow, danger, dirt, magnificence and rigorous fortitude. And, perhaps paradoxically in an account so rarely subjective and with its unself-conscious indifference to comfort and minor human vanities, one is acutely aware of the man. But then the essence of him—corroding maybe other qualities—was adventure.

The book has been most ably edited for the general reader.

LAST MATHEMATICIAN. By Hyman Edelstein. The Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books. Toronto. 75 cents.

There is an uncommon blend in this collection of verse of classical, biblical and modern culture. The poet trips at times over the coils of his learning which, in several poems, hang heavily over him. Aware of his intellectual load he occasionally reverts to the practice of the 'twenties and provides explanatory notes. We have, however, by this time become schooled in the obscure, preferring our own interpretation and resent the implied ignorance of the reader. Such unfashionable lapses are, it must be said, rare in this case and there are moments when Mr. Edelstein, forgetting esoteric racial wrongs or regional injustice to returning soldiers (which form the themes of many of his poems), sheds all pedantry and sings like a true poet. The last two lines of his nostalgic "Killiney" identified by the poet with his youth, shows his mastery of image and vowel sounds:

"His heart lies bedded sand below Killiney,
And under Dublin Bay the sand is pounded."

His "Epitaphs I and II" have sincerity as well as technique and give evidence of Mr. Edelstein's mastery of his medium and undoubted poetic talent.

L.K.E.

A SMALL STIR. Letters on the English. By James Bridie and Moray McLaren. Hollis and Carter. 8/6.

Somewhere in his *Journals*, Arnold Bennett, pondering a minor novel, says: "the characters must be lightly imagined." Probably this method must be em-

ployed when discussing national traits. For even the Englishman, when probed deeply enough, is discovered to be merely a man. The Englishman in love then is passed over a little hastily by his Scots critics. And nothing is said of the strange apathy that hung over England for some twenty years and led to her present humiliations.

The criticism is indulgent in its beginnings, flattering in its end. The brutality in English schools and the ruthlessness in adult life have their compensations. The Englishman is a bad hater and much may be forgiven him. He is brave; and, though it is suggested that his aplomb during air-raids is due to constipation, it is nevertheless pleasant to have one's courage extolled whatever its original source.

To this reviewer (an Englishman) one statement only appears strikingly erroneous: that the English are "extremely talkative in railway carriages." Perhaps a good Scot always travels third-class excursion, and with a bottle?

M. C.

THE WORLD AND INDIA. By Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WHEEL OF ASOKA IN THE FLAG OF FREE INDIA. By G. P. Rajaratnam, M.A. The Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore. Re. rs. each.

These pamphlets, issued by the Indian Institute of Culture, are of general interest.

Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, as far as the limitations of two public addresses allow, considers the characteristics of Indian civilisation and its influence, and how, in turn, India has been affected by the other great cultures of the world. As for the future: "The clear thought and noble dreams in any culture translated into literature or painting, sculpture or architecture, these are universal in character. If we are to become part of the world at large, India can play its part and play it most effectively by being both a lender and a borrower."

The author of the second pamphlet, an authority on Pali texts and on Buddhism, explains the meaning of the Flag of India, the significance of its colours, the history and symbolism of its design.

THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL. By Oscar Wilde. Castle Press. 8s. 6d. net.

A topical interest as well as its abiding claim to notice has been given to this poem by Oscar Wilde by the agitation for the abolition of the death penalty. There is no doubt that Wilde felt the full horror of capital punishment when he planned these verses in his prison cell in 1896, for he writes with an impressive simplicity quite different from his usual literary style of glittering and cynical paradox. Even more than the horror of solemnly conducting a man to the gallows does this poem express the numbing effect of a hanging upon the inhabitants of a gaol. Prisoners are responsive to sudden emotional influences, like hot house plants to a cold wind. In ordinary life we have so many experiences and contacts that each one tends to dull the others. But the impact of an execution on a prison population—where it is carried out—is really terrific. A prisoner can only find prison bearable if he believes either in the essential justice of those who have put him there or in the justice of his own stand. For the ordinary criminal the belief that his punishment is just, if harsh, helps to soften the sentence. But when he knows that a helpless man

is being led out to be butchered, he feels that it is just one force against another and that he is a helpless victim. Oscar Wilde put this feeling into powerful and sensitive words. Arthur Wragg's remarkable drawings not only show us the stony walls of the prison but the stony hearts of men.

R. M. F.

SINGULAR TRAVELS, CAMPAIGNS AND ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

By R. E. Raspe and Others. Edited and with an Introduction by John Carswell. The Cresset Press. 9s. 6d.

Mr. Carswell is the editor *par excellence* for the *Travels*. To the exactitude of the scholar, and the enthusiasm of the bibliophile, he adds the delighted appreciation of one who believes that "all men are privileged to romance." The biographical essay on Rudolf Erich Raspe, the original author, is presented with fastidious gusto. "Like Scheherazade, the author of these *Travels* romanced with ruin waiting in the dawn. The story of his arrival in that situation is as strange as Scheherazade's own, and serves both as prelude and contrast to the flights of imagination which arose from it. Rudolf Erich Raspe, a social outcast who suffered from all the incommodities of earthly travel, created a traveller free of all restraints, his own, and the world's emancipated self."

The sources of Raspe's inspiration, the various editions and translations, the additions made by bookellers' hacks, and their sources, the revisions, and the narrative's degeneration to "a garbled and gelded text": this is all set out with lucidity. The present text is "arranged with the twin object of preserving the continuity of the narrative while using the earliest text available for each portion of it . . . It has thus been possible to include the whole Munchausen 'Canon' . . . and at the same time to reprint in the first and second sections the unrevised Raspe-Smith text for the first time since 1786."

The bibliography is a comprehensive record of the early editions, and, with

The wood engravings by Leslie Wood are witty and marvellous. Its notes on textual peculiarities, will be invaluable to collectors.

EOTHEN. By A. W. Kinglake. With an Introduction by P. H. Newby. The Chiltern Library. John Lehmann. 8s. 6d.

Kinglake prefaced his book of travels with the serious claim :

"I believe I may truly acknowledge, that from all details of geographical discovery or antiquarian research—from all display of 'sound learning and religious knowledge'—from all historical and scientific illustrations—from all useful statistics—from all political disquisitions—and from all good moral reflections, the volume is thoroughly free."

And certainly he was not one of those travellers who solicit respect, their shoes laced with elegant quotations, noses sharp to the winds of erudition and teeth bared for every morsel of information.

Mr. Newby reminds us of *Eothen's* audacity in the year 1844, and that it was "as honest a book about the East as could, with propriety, have been published at the time. It is a shrewd assessment of the Orient but it is, at the same time, an unconscious assessment of the audience for which it was intended, polite society." Certainly he manages his audience and his material with extraordinary skill; and his sophistication, his learning worn so casually, his

ease of language, the very real interest he took in human beings, his delight in freshness and honesty of vision, even the occasional insensitiveness he displays, all give to the book its individual quality.

Whether Kinglake is describing brilliantly his visit to Lady Hester Stanhope in her fortress—and at the same time coolly denying interest in her—or giving a delightfully funny account of his meeting with an Englishman in the desert and their common tactfulness when the servants and animals of both parties had the bad form to accost each other; whether he is being gently amorous, curious or nonchalant: it is all done with a grace and vitality that remain as impressive as when *Eothen* was first published. If no reader will suffer now like Thackeray's fellow-passenger to Cairo—"a young Oxonian who sighed over certain passages that, he feared, were wicked"—at least his enjoyment of the book will be as lively.

THE SELECTIVE TRAVELLER IN PORTUGAL. By Ann Bridge and Susan Lowndes Evans. 21s.

This guide to Portugal is designed to help the traveller to a proper appreciation of Portugal's architecture and art. His memory is discreetly furnished with the livelier bits of the country's history, and such reminders of the association between Portugal and England as:

"The city (Faro) was almost entirely destroyed by the English commanded by the Earl of Essex in 1596, when Portugal was under the Spanish domination; they took all the books of the Bishop of Silves as loot, and these ultimately became the nucleus of the Bodleian Library at Oxford."

The authors between them have a considerable knowledge of Baroque Art, the archaeology, flora, the villages and towns; and with their zestful observation of fairs and festivals, of colour and pattern in costume and landscape, their visits to remote and little-known places, they give a felicitous account of the country. They remark that:

"As far as its agriculture is concerned, Portugal has indeed an almost biblical economy still: reaping, gleaning, threshing the grain, fetching the water—all are done as they are described in the Old and New Testaments, and yet Portuguese agriculture is extremely healthy, and highly productive";

and note the combination of primitive and scientific methods in their enthralling description of the production of the native wines. Olive-gathering, maize-stripping and the scutching of flax are also set down with picturesque detail. The book concludes with an equally delightful account of Madeira and the Azores.

"The visitor familiar with the West of Ireland will be struck in the Azores, by many resemblances—the whitewashed houses, the intense greenness of the grass, and, above all, the small stone-walled fields. On many of the islands one might imagine oneself in Connemara or Ennis, save for the fact that the main crop is not oats or potatoes, but pineapples!"

Enlightened by the text and very fine photographs, and fortified with the intensely practical information for his comfort and entertainment, the excellent maps: the traveller can now set out—but the quality of his pleasure will as always, be his private labour.

THE ADVENTURE OF PUBLISHING. By Michael Joseph. Allen Wingate. 8/6.

This book is full of what are called 'hard facts.' Most of them are hard on authors. Some are hard to comprehend; others a little hard to swallow. The haze of 'economics' rises from the pages. Are people 'demanding' more or less books? And, whatever your opinion, does *demand* mean desire, or cash in the pocket?

Statements common to all English publishers are here: things are said to be impossible, in England, that have worked very well in France. For example: French authors get a tiny royalty every time a library book is hired. There is the usual mild contempt for the English author, who is said to be 'sanguine.' (Has Mr. Joseph read *The Author* lately?). One writer seems to have burgled Mr. Joseph's offices; but, even here, the scribe was unsuccessful. He got nothing, says Mr. Joseph. Perhaps a sack of rejection-slips?

M. C.

27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON. By Tennessee Williams. John Lehmann. 8/6.

Here are eleven short plays, of which the first one provides the book's title. It carries above it a quotation from Sappho, which is appropriate enough. Mr. Williams is a man of the theatre and his technique is sure. Many of the plays, in particular, *The Purification*, are informed by a passion that rises to poetic beauty. Occasionally there are lapses into brutality; but one feels this is never consciously admitted for its own sake, and every play is of interest.

M. C.

W. H. AUDEN. By Francis Scarfe. Anglo-French Literary Services, Ltd. 5/6
Mr. Scarfe, in his able and sympathetic study, says of Mr. Auden:

"To do him justice we must bear in mind the many defects of his work. If it has evolved satisfactorily, on the whole, from the early emphasis on Freud and Marx to a more universal level on the side of content, and if his diction has progressed from an ingenuous privacy to a clear and democratic speech, there are certain reservations to be made. . . . Those, however, who are always longing to know 'where Auden stands,' miss the drama of his work, which is precisely its restless evolution, its refusal to adhere to a formula. . . . What is interesting . . . is the gathering synthesis of all these elements."

After some biographical details, and a discussion of the main literary, political and philosophical influences to be traced in his work, there is a general criticism of the poetry and plays and also a careful analysis of such poems as *Spain*, *The Sea and The Mirror*, and *The Age of Anxiety*. If it is unjust to think of Mr. Auden as a poet whose technical brilliance, lyrical passages and verbal felicity are at the mercy of intellectual fashions, yet, as one contemplates all the social criticism, political and psychological comment, and existentialism here lucidly displayed for us by Mr. Scarfe, one remembers a comment made by the poet himself:

" 'Why do you want to write poetry?' If the young man answers: 'I have important things I want to say,' then he is not a poet. If he answers: 'I like hanging around words listening to what they say,' then maybe he is going to be a poet."

It is not having important things to say that blights a poet; but the bustle of the poetic reporter can keep his work immature.